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THE POLITICAL EXCITEMENT IN NEW YORK CITY.—A "RUSH" DURING THE PASSAGE OF A PROCESSION ON BROADWAY.

HARRISON CHORUS—"TRADE, TRADE, NO FREE TRADE."

CLEVELAND CHORUS—"DON'T, DON'T, DON'T BE AFRAID; ONLY LOW TARIFF, SO DON'T BE AFRAID."

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 10, 1888.

PROGRESS IN POLITICAL METHODS.

THE nomination of General Harrison as the Republican candidate for President last June naturally suggested reminiscences of the campaign in which his grandfather was elected to the office nearly half a century ago, and the course of the canvass has inevitably provoked comparisons with that most picturesque of all our national contests. Its close invites a review of the chief points of difference, all of which are clearly in the direction of progress, and suggests a further reform in our electoral methods for which the country just now seems ready.

The campaign of 1840 was a rollicking and spectacular sort of performance, which was undoubtedly very interesting and amusing to observers, and the memories of which still stir the blood of the oldest surviving participants. Coon-skins, hard cider, log-cabins—such things as these naturally cause mirth, and are sufficient to set a nation laughing, especially when reinforced by campaign songs which really possessed a spice of humor. But, after all, the selection of a President and the decision between conflicting theories of government are too serious matters to be properly settled in such fashion as this. It was only a young nation, not yet sobered by the solemnizing experiences of civil war, which could carry on such a campaign without realizing its essential absurdity. Maturity has rendered its repetition impossible. The most striking feature of the campaign just closed has been its freedom from excitement, emphasized as this has been by the proofs of the deepest popular interest afforded by a registration of unprecedented proportions everywhere. Doubtless the quiet progress of the canvass has made many a veteran of 1840 regret that people manifest less interest in politics now than they did when he was young; but the infallible test of figures has shown how mistaken is such a theory.

Another great change for the better during the past half-century has been the progress made towards removing those disturbing factors in a Presidential canvass contributed by preliminary State elections. The theory of our system is that the people of every State shall go to the polls on the day of a Presidential election free from all extraneous influences. Human nature being what it is, a certain proportion of men will always seek to be on the winning side, whether or not that happens to be the side in which they really believe. For this reason it is in the highest degree desirable that nothing shall have previously occurred to indicate which party is likely to carry the day. But if certain States hold State elections, which are made tests of public sentiment on the Presidential issue, the judgment of many voters will necessarily be disturbed. This is precisely what used to happen, and, indeed, has continued to happen until a comparatively recent time. In 1840 it was the fact that

"Maine went hell-bent
For Governor Kent,"

the Whig candidate in the State election, which set the tide running with irresistible force towards the Whig candidate in the Presidential election. Twenty years later, everybody knew that "as goes Pennsylvania, so goes the Union," and the success of the Republican State ticket there in October, 1860, foreshadowed Lincoln's certain triumph in November. Twenty years later still, Indiana was the doubtful State upon which both parties staked everything, and the election of the Republican candidate for Governor there in October, 1880, sealed the fate of the Democratic candidate in the Presidential election the following month. Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana have all abolished their preliminary State elections, and the nation approached the Presidential election this year with less light cast upon the probable result by previous State contests than ever before, while it is probable that within a few years Maine, Vermont, and the few other commonwealths which still cling to the old system, will follow the example of all the rest.

Another great reform has been the fixing of a uniform day for voting for President in all the States. Fifty years ago there was a great lack of uniformity in this matter. The choice of the Presidential Electors in 1840 was made in each State at a time fixed by the Legislature, the only restriction being that it must be made within thirty-four days before the date fixed for the meeting of the Electors. The balloting began in Pennsylvania and Ohio upon the last Friday of October, which was in that year the thirtieth day of the month, and did not close until North Carolina got through, on the second Thursday of November, which was in that year the twelfth day of the month, thus covering a fortnight. A dozen States voted upon the first Monday in November; two upon the first Tuesday; one on the first Wednesday; several others upon the second Monday or second Tuesday, while New Jersey took two days, and New York kept the polls open three days. Such a system would be intolerable now, since it would keep the people on tenter-hooks for two weeks, and might cause the result finally to depend on the State

last voting, which would then become the scene of the grossest corruption. It is a tremendous gain to finish the whole job in one day, and have it finally done.

So much for reforms already achieved. Another is now demanded, in the shortening of the campaign. In the early history of the country long campaigns were as necessary as they were desirable. Railroads and telegraphs were unknown; newspapers were few, and had small circulation; mails were infrequent; means of communication were poor. Under such circumstances, it took a great while for people to learn, in the first place, who had been nominated, and, in the second place, what were the issues of the canvass. General Harrison's grandfather was nominated the December before the election, and eleven months did not, perhaps, constitute too long a time for a campaign fifty years ago. But the revolution produced by electricity, steam, cheap newspapers, cheap postage, and all the other present means of easy communication of persons and ideas, has changed all that. Three or four months now equal a year half a century ago in this respect. The Presidential candidates this year were nominated in June, but the time has evidently come to postpone the national conventions still later. Everybody was ready to vote six or eight weeks ago, and the interval has brought few compensations. If the candidates are not named until the 1st of September, the period for discussion and reflection will be quite long enough. Let us have shorter campaigns.

GOLDWIN SMITH ON COMMERCIAL UNION.

IN an article entitled "Canada and the United States," published in the November number of *The Forum*, Professor Goldwin Smith discusses, with his customary breadth and ability, the future relations between these contiguous countries. The political tie that binds Canada to Great Britain he regards as "now merely nominal." Canada and the United States are commercially welded together by railways and waterways. "During the eighteen years which I have spent in Canada," he says, "the action of the unifying forces has been so visible, and has so manifestly increased, that the end can hardly fail to be political union." And he bluntly adds: "For my own part I freely confess that I not only recognize the ultimate decree of destiny, but regard it as beneficent." But while the political destinies of Canada are working themselves out in a natural way, this continent being economically one, the learned professor favors a commercial union, under which dominion seas will be made free to all, alike for fishing and for navigation. An assimilation of duties and of excise taxes would, he argues, bring about the desirable and desired end. The Liberal party of Canada favors closer commercial relations under the name of "unrestricted reciprocity."

That our Canadian neighbors would be benefited by freer trade relations with us is a self-evident fact that needs no demonstration. That the United States would derive benefit from a less restricted and, hence, larger commerce and trade with Canada needs no proof. Just how to bring about what both countries desire is the difficulty. An assimilation of duties and internal revenue taxes does not seem to be a practicable achievement. It is based upon the erroneous idea that this country can subordinate its commercial relations with Europe and the whole outside world in order to the accomplishment of satisfactory relations with one adjacent country whose commerce is relatively small. The sacrifice would be too large to be justified on a business basis, for rates of duty and of taxes which might be best for us so far as Canada is concerned would not be what our trade with other countries would require. There can be, then, no general change in our revenue laws solely to accommodate Canada. And as all commercial relations having only a sentimental basis would be of short duration, it would seem that special treaty relations must be entered into, to the end that exceptional tariff rates and regulations shall govern our trade with our neighbors. A reciprocity treaty, truly reciprocal in all its features, can be framed, so that it may bring to an end all questions of dispute and all improper restrictions upon trade between the two countries. A new reciprocity treaty to meet the commercial wants and promote the business interests of two neighbors is what is now demanded, and can be secured.

HEREDITARY INTemperance.

THE Catholic University of Washington, D. C., takes the lead in adding to its teaching force a Chair of Temperance, which, it is reported, will be endowed by the Catholic Total Abstinence Societies. This is the era of science in morals and in good works, as well as in business; and if the proposed chair be not pledged in advance to a given line of teaching, but is allowed full liberty so to investigate the subject as to establish the temperance movement on a scientific basis, the gain to humanity will be incalculable. No effort to benefit the human race has suffered more from ill-advised and extravagant methods than has the temperance cause, and it is to be hoped that the new departure will result in the abolition of all such. There must be a right way to bring about an era of temperance. The drink habit must be founded in some law of human nature which, to be successfully met, must be clearly ascertained and universally understood; and there seems to be no good reason to doubt that the sciences both of physiology and

of psychology are in a sufficiently advanced state to make scientific study of the fundamental principles of temperance both possible and fruitful.

It is to be remarked in the matter of intemperance, as in all other evils which have been only empirically treated, that many notions have passed current as truth which only need a scientific investigation to be proved fallacious. Perhaps the one most frequently held, and most injurious in its effect, is that of the hereditary nature of the drink habit. An inherited taste for liquor is the most frequent and most successful of all pleas for a condonation of the offense of inebriety. This result of a well-known law seems, indeed, entirely to be expected, even though its force as an excuse should be denied. But there are some facts which seem to prove that heredity has very little to do with intemperance. Mr. Charles Loring Brace, whose acquaintance with the vicious and depraved classes of this city is perhaps as extensive, and covers as long a term of years, as that of any one living, recently made a very remarkable statement in this connection. Among the one hundred thousand girls who have come under his charge within thirty-three years, eighty per cent., he says, were the children of drunkards, and yet "the number of drunkards among them is almost nothing." "This," he well adds, "is a most extraordinary result."

From such a result, so well attested and gathered from so busy and so extensive an experience, it may be concluded that there is nothing in heredity which cannot be successfully met, so far as the tendency to intemperance is concerned. Mr. Brace attributes the astonishing fact above quoted to what he calls "mind-cure." "These little vagabonds, these children of outcasts and drunkards, put out into new circumstances, feel a moral shock of a pleasant kind. They think, talk and feel differently, and are struck by new experiences of religion and disinterestedness. New food, new surroundings, influence them, and the children come out of their old habits, so that they sometimes turn out better than the boys and girls of the locality." In other words, new influences, new interests, what Dr. Bushnell has called "the expulsive power" of a new affection, are more potent than heredity, strong as we know that law to be.

The significance of such a conclusion, when elevated, as it must be, to a law, is very evident. What is wanted in dealing with intemperance is the discovery of all the other laws which bear upon the disease, moral or physical, as it may be, and their sufficient attestation. If the new chair in the Catholic University efficiently performs its duties, we may expect a result to humanity not second even to that of Father Mathew's widespread and beneficent work.

THE SCOURGE OF WEST AFRICA.

LATE accounts from Sierra Leone are of a character to attract the attention and excite the sympathies of all who look forward to the speedy colonizing and Christianizing of the Dark Continent. It appears that in January last the British Government dispatched Major Festing on a mission to Almami Samory, commonly called Samadu, the Mohammedan fanatic who of late years has kept his part of West Africa in a continual turmoil. Festing found Samadu on the borders of Wassala, a State some two hundred miles due east of Sierra Leone, engaged in war with the Bambaras, who were led by their King, Keba, and held an interview with him on May 20th. The major remained several weeks in Heripakono, the frontier town near which Samadu was encamped, and started on his return to Freetown early in July. Having, however, already suffered from several attacks of fever, he was unable to resist the inroads of a still more virulent type of the disease, by which he was seized on his way back, and died on August 16th.

The messengers that brought the news of his decease report that every town and village through which they passed lies in ruins, and that the road is lined with human skeletons—the remains of those slain by Samadu's fanatical soldiery, or who had perished from starvation occasioned by the devastation of the country. Some of these poor creatures had evidently been attacked by vultures and beasts of prey while still alive, while others, bound hand and foot, had been forced upon their knees and so decapitated.

The history of the monster in human form who is responsible for these barbarities is a curious one. A Malinke, or Soninke, by origin, Samadu was born about 1830 in Sonankoro, a town of Koniab, a province of Wassala, near the sources of the Niger. He was early taken prisoner in one of the numerous tribal wars, and became the slave of a famous "marabout," named Fodi-Moussa. Partly by intrigue and partly through his religious fanaticism and great physical strength, he soon became so powerful that he enslaved his own master, after which he announced that he had been intrusted with a divine mission, and proclaimed a holy war against all infidels. Thousands flocked to his standard, and he soon grew to be the scourge of all the peaceable States on the right bank of the Upper Niger.

In 1881, the French, who were pushing their way from the headwaters of the Senegal in the direction of the former river, were appealed to by the natives of the neighborhood of Kita, in Fulu-dugu, to protect them against the incursions of Samadu. Colonel Desbordes therefore, with two hundred and fifty men, advanced to the relief of Keniera, one of the most important markets on the Niger, and which Samadu had been besieging for over three months. He arrived, however, too late, the town having surrendered five days before; but he attacked the victor in his intrenchments, and dispersed his army with but trifling loss. This victory stopped Samadu's further progress northward, but in March, 1883, he endeavored to dislodge the French from their advanced post at Bamaku, on the Niger, with a force of three thousand men. Again the French officer drove him off, this time with a loss of only twenty-three killed and wounded.

Having suffered further defeats in 1884-86, Samadu came to the conclusion that he preferred to fight his own countrymen, and that the French probably made better friends than enemies. With this idea he signed a treaty of peace with the invaders, by which he promised not to molest any of the tribes to the northward, and confided one of his sons to their care as a hostage. Being thus unable to follow his favorite pastime in the northern provinces, Samadu

turned his attention to the southeast. In a short time he had completely overrun and subjected Kouranko, Limbah, Sulimania, Kono and Kissi. These unfortunate localities were the scenes of the most horrible atrocities. Peaceable farmers were slaughtered by the thousand and their wives and children driven into slavery. Palaba, the well-known capital of Sulimania, and the great trading station between Sierra Leone and the Niger, was destroyed, and all the inhabitants of the district, noted for their industry and docility, were exterminated or carried off.

Of course trade suffers under this state of things, and English press correspondents at Sierra Leone are calling loudly to the mother country for a force powerful enough to imitate the example of the French and put an end to the depredations of this black outlaw. Certainly the work of the regeneration of Africa must come to a standstill so long as miscreants like Samadu are allowed to pillage and murder at will, and the case seems to be one where, for the present at least, the soldier will prove a far more potent civilizer than the priest.

THE TRAVELED EMPEROR.

THE traveled Emperor William II., like Ulysses, has seen the manners and the cities of many men; but the old Greek islander profited by his travels infinitely more than the "war-lord" of Prussia. The modern is to be judged with charity because the point of view from which he surveyed mankind was far less natural and human than that occupied by the ancient ruler. To move as a man among men is to see the real world; but William II., on his recent travels, lived, ate and drank and slept in a world, as Carlyle says, "all of opera." He carried in fact his palace with him wherever he went; and he seems to think that the discipline of his palace is the law for all men, just as a snail may imagine that his shell covers the universe. The remarks addressed to the Municipal Council of Berlin, when that body paid its respects to the returned monarch, deserve to be meditated for the revelation they make of William II.'s entire ignorance of the modern spirit. They are like a passage from an imperial rescript of the fourteenth century, and have absolutely nothing to do with the moral and intellectual development of the world in this year of grace. The Emperor had been painfully impressed by the manner in which the daily press of the capital had spoken of the affairs of the imperial family; and not only this—"his displeasure had been aroused;" and the men to whom he spoke, the representatives of a great and learned and enlightened capital, were to feel their blood run cold in their veins at the bare thought of the imperial frown. The Berlin press is expected to register in a becomingly submissive style the goings and comings of the Emperor and of the people who wait on him, the harnessing of his horses, the uniforms he wears at this review and at that dinner; and to hold its peace when the Emperor, or any one of his obedient servants, in or out of livery, chooses to defy the decent opinion of mankind and the human sentiment of respect for the dead. This is the way in which William II. regards the freedom of the press. Most of all—so he told the Municipal Council—it is offensive to him to see the references to his father, and these must cease, if his faithful Berliners wish to live in the light of the "Highest Own Eye-Shine." This they undoubtedly do wish, and they will accordingly cease; but a Heine, if such a being could live in Berlin, would not fail to note that William II. is, after all, a clumsy modern copy of the unknown Greek, who was tired of hearing Aristides called the Just, and therefore voted for his banishment. To name the father is to offend the son, who is undoubtedly a power in his way, but not yet lord of the visible world, whatever he may be in Berlin. Other nations may take the lesson to heart. In dealing with the German Emperor, they have to do with a ruler to whom the most sacred personal relations are enemies to be beaten down with an armed hand, and the rights of other people playthings.

MILITARY EXPENDITURES ABROAD.

FORTUNATE in our exemption from the heavy burden of a great standing army, we can regard the new load placed upon the people of France with equanimity, although it is impossible not to feel profound sympathy. The reporter of the budget in the Chamber of Deputies has stated that French taxpayers will soon be called upon to meet extraordinary outlays for military purposes, and the Deputy added, "France is bound by the fatality of events." Since the close of the Franco-Prussian War, France has expended hundreds of millions of dollars upon defensive fortifications, which are now in part rendered obsolete by new appliances for offensive warfare. At the present time, France is spending about \$140,000,000 annually for the mere maintenance of her army, and more than \$40,000,000 for the maintenance of her navy. This outlay nearly equals the entire cost of the United States Government less our payments for pensions and to the sinking fund. In 1887 the entire expenditures of the French Government were \$625,000,000, against an expenditure of \$315,000,000 for the United States. Yet it is stated that M. de Freycinet, after a careful inspection of the eastern defenses of France, has concluded that an expenditure of \$300,000,000 is necessary to put them in a proper condition.

In times past there have been statesmen strong enough to control the "fatality of events," but a leader of this force is wanting to the France of to-day. The reason for this increase of military burdens is the familiar one that European diplomacy is under the control of Prince Bismarck, who believes that national gains are to be acquired by force. Yet Germany also suffers from the necessity of supporting a huge standing army, and it hardly seems probable that even Bismarck alone could withstand a popular demand for disarmament. But Bismarck's reliance upon the mailed hand is believed to be shared by the Emperor, and army interests in politics and social life have become a power. Any movement for relief from the support of a great army would meet with a powerful opposition, and even if the Reichstag passed such a measure, it is improbable that it would be allowed to become a law. The main argument would be the warlike attitude of other countries. Russia is constantly strengthening her army, and apparently meditating future extensions of her territory to the south and east. Austria jealously guards her frontiers. Bulgaria, Serbia or Turkey may precipitate a European quarrel at any moment. Yet it is probably true that no small share of the responsibility rests upon France. Undoubtedly the great majority of the French people desire peace, but there is a powerful minority which strives to keep alive memories of the war and a desire for revenge. There are constant appeals to national feeling and national pride, artfully calculated to intensify hostility to Germany.

The situation is a pitiful one as regards the oppression of the people, a most dangerous one as regards the increasing tension caused by these military preparations. In both France and Germany there is the possibility of a revolt against military burdens, but it is likely that actual war may clear the air. France evidently could ameliorate the situation, if France had a leader strong enough to recognize the situation as it is, and to avert disaster by declaring that France desires only peace, and proving his words by affecting a disarmament. But, instead, we find a call for addi-

tional expenditures of vast amounts upon fortifications. The new budget in France is one of several signs pointing either to war or internal rebellion.

ART FOR ARTISANS.

IT is no longer necessary to argue the usefulness of a training in art for certain classes of artisans. Even in America, where the bulk of manufacture is in the useful rather than the ornamental stage, the artisan who can wield pencil and brush, who can draw or model, has a vast advantage over him who can simply ply his tool or tend his machine. But it has not yet come to be appreciated how much a thorough art-training of artisans would affect the labor problem, how many branches of industry are impossible to the working-people of this country for want of it, nor how much the intellectual and moral status of the working-people would be raised were they, in any large numbers, to receive such training.

Felix Adler has pointed out how much the education of the hand has to do with strengthening the will and developing the moral nature; the education of the hand as he understands it, including elementary instruction in the arts of design. Lord Ripon has recently expressed his conviction that the education given in the school of handicraft, of which he is a patron, not only educates artist-artisans, but promotes the intellectual advancement of the pupils. The education of the hand develops the brain, only less than does that training of the eye to see, which accompanies the education of the hand in matters artistic. It is not merely that the contemplation of beautiful forms and the effort to reproduce them refine and elevate the character: they do this, indeed, but they also enlarge the mind and strengthen the will. An artisan who has received art-training is not only more competent than he who has not—he is also, other things being equal, more capable of advancement, and less susceptible to any temptation to wrongdoing than he.

The University for Artist-Artisans which Mr. J. Ward Stimson is making a heroic effort to create in this city will, if he succeeds, have a deep and wide influence on social conditions. Mr. Stimson's methods of teaching have already been tested during his superintendence of the Metropolitan Art Museum, and the loyalty of his pupils and the approval of many competent critics speak for their value and efficiency. The method is based on the widest possible foundation. It begins with training the perceptive faculties by means of a study of the laws of motion, of progression, symmetry and harmony. Pupils are taught to see the workings of these laws in crystals, shells, flowers and organic life; and to take them as models for their work. They learn to unite perception to vision, and an error in execution, which time and patience will cure, is deemed of less importance than a fault of perception or of method. Training so thorough and radical must result not only in a high degree of perfection in the work turned out by artisans, but in an originality, an individuality and a truth which have hitherto been signally wanting in American workmanship. A university which will give instruction of this kind will be of the highest value, not to the city only, but to the whole country. There is wealth enough in the city for its endowment, and it is to be hoped that it will soon be an accomplished fact.

It is enough to look at the portraits of Leo XIII. to see that his intelligence goes to the heart of the matter. He is reported to have said of the Emperor William II.: "I did not find that he resembled his father. . . . The Emperor Frederick was a wise and good prince, well read, intelligent, and large-minded; his manners were perfect. What he said was always full of good sense and good will." Nothing could be more delicately put; touched, as Cicero might have touched it, with the point of a needle.

Whether Lord Sackville-West would have been dismissed by this Government for the offense of writing an indiscreet letter, had it not been supposed that its publication might offset the result of the Presidential campaign, may perhaps be doubted. But however that may be, there can be no doubt that his offense against propriety deserved to be rebuked, and that the President has done his simple duty in apprising him that his presence here is no longer "acceptable." It would have been well, indeed, if the action of the President had been a little more prompt, but Secretary Bayard has never been swift to resent indignities to his Government, and Mr. Cleveland was apparently guided by his suggestions. We are not at all surprised that protests are coming from every quarter against the further continuance of Mr. Bayard as the head of the State Department.

The yellow-fever panic has subsided in the South, but the epidemic still continues its ravages. Contrary to what had been hoped, last week's list of new cases and deaths in Jacksonville exceeded that of the preceding week; while a cry for aid is sent up from the stricken towns of Enterprise and Sanford, and new fever cases are daily developing in Decatur, Ala. Measures have been taken to keep refugees out of Jacksonville for the present. The City Council has been urged to pass an ordinance inflicting a penalty of incarceration upon any person found in the city unprovided with a proper authority to enter. A cordon of inspectors will probably be set to intercept any one attempting to enter who has not had the yellow fever, and this will be enforced until the Board of Health shall declare that the fever has ceased. The balmy Indian Summer weather which has lately been enjoyed all along the Atlantic Slope has brought no delight to Florida, where wintry winds and a wholesome frost would just now be most fervently welcomed.

The interest in the Parnell Commission's inquiry centred last week in the appearance in court of Captain O'Shea, formerly a personal friend and political follower of Mr. Parnell, but now his enemy, and a witness much counted upon by the *Times* people. The latter must have been disappointed in the result of their production of the vain and self-complacent captain. He testified that many of his memoranda in regard to the Kilmainham Jail negotiations with Parnell, in 1882, about the breaking up of the National League on certain conditions, were destroyed on the suggestion of Sir William Harcourt, who told witness that "Mr. Gladstone advised this course." Captain O'Shea also pronounced Parnell's signature to the *Times's* alleged forged letters to be genuine. As to the Irish leader's reluctance to sign the manifesto expressing horror at the Phoenix Park murders—a point upon which the Attorney-general had laid great stress in his opening—Captain O'Shea had to explain that Mr. Parnell merely disliked the bombastic phraseology of the manifesto as written by Mr. Davitt, but deferred to a desire not to hurt Mr. Davitt's feelings by saying so to him. The reason why Parnell and O'Shea are out was not developed.

The Chinese of New York city, being barred out, as elsewhere, from all participation in American politics, have a little municipal government of their own in the Mott Street colony. It consists of a Council of Twelve—a species of Board of Aldermen—and the safety of the public funds and documents is insured by a device which is

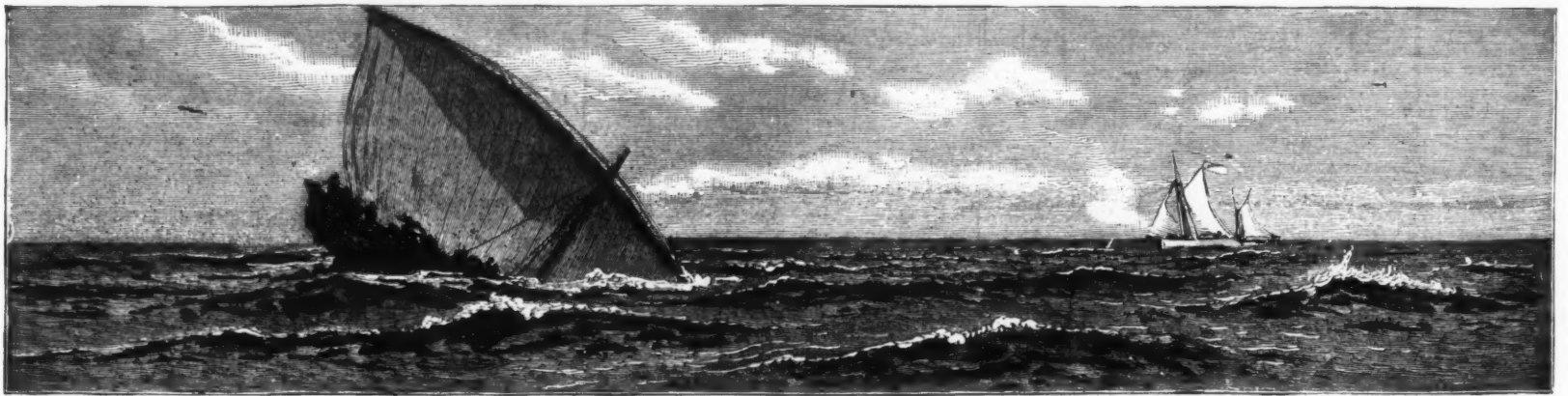
worthy of the attention of all banking and other concerns whose individual officers are not above suspicion. The money and papers are kept in an iron safe, which, instead of the elaborate American combination lock, has twelve massive padlocks of different calibres. Each alderman carries the key to one of these padlocks, so that the opening and shutting of the safe requires the presence of the entire board. United they stand: divided they cannot fall—at least, not into the ways of the typical American "boddler." But if this plan presents obvious advantages, it has defects no less striking. Thus, the late Black Flag chieftain, Li Yu Doo, who was buried with solemn Celestial pomp last week, happened to be a member of the Chinatown municipal board; and his death left a vacancy which could not be filled, because, according to Wong Chin Foo, the well-known Chinese *littérateur*, there is a superstition that the dead man would be jealous of his successor, and would remove him by the same illness of which he himself died. It has become necessary, therefore, to elect an entire new Board of Aldermen, which municipal revolution, as we understand, is now in progress. All the political interest in the United States is not centred in the Presidential election, by any means.

Much is said of the necessity of amalgamating the foreign immigrants to ourselves, but too little stress has been laid upon the part which can be taken by the Churches. In a paper recently read before the Inter-seminary Alliance, and dealing with the evangelization of the foreign population, a comparison was made between the Church of Rome and Protestant Churches, much to the disadvantage of the latter. The point was made that the Church of Rome is free from social distinctions, while most capitalists belong to Protestant Churches, which are therefore viewed with some distrust by workingmen, who regard "capitalists" as their industrial enemies. A false impression could readily be produced by such a generalization, but full acknowledgment must be made of the liberality with which the Romish Church provides for immigrants. It is true that the Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists and Presbyterians have made strenuous efforts to reach workingmen, and the Episcopalians have taken up the work with fresh energy, as in a recent movement at Fall River, Mass., to reach the operatives in the mills. One of the results of labor agitation has been to emphasize the importance of this kind of work; but there is a need, in the West possibly more than in the East, of efforts to make foreigners feel at home in the Churches. It is important that these people should be educated to think and feel as American citizens, and it is apparent that the Churches can help greatly in attaining this end. For evangelization successfully carried out strengthens love of liberty together with respect for law and order, and the times demand that the Churches should meet the practical problem presented by the dissensions between workingmen and capitalists, and by the increasing number of foreigners, who, if not educated and assimilated, constitute a menace to the welfare of the State.

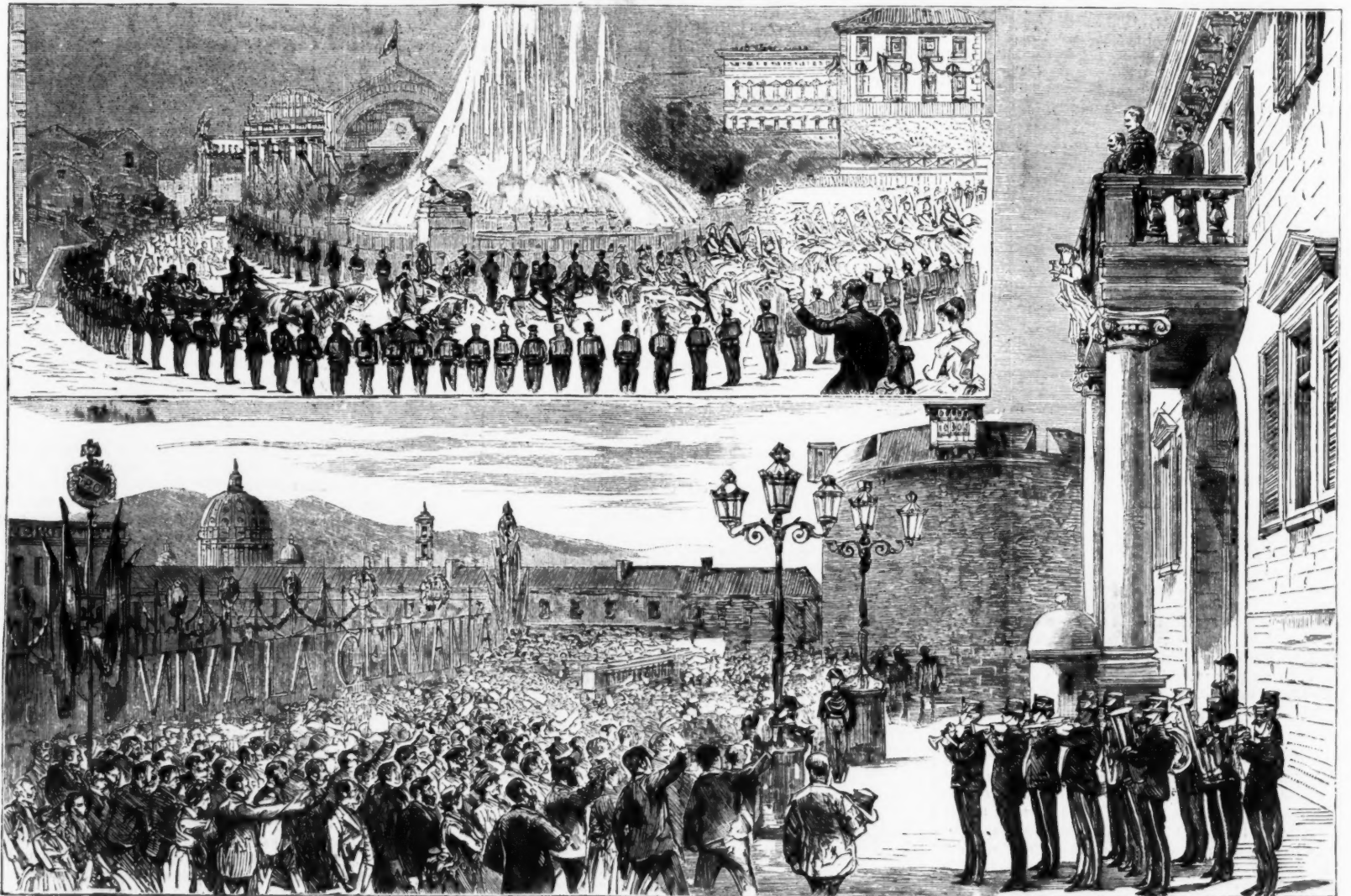
It is seldom that we have to record a public benefaction so generous, and so interesting through the attendant circumstances, as the gift of one million dollars by Mr. Daniel Hand to aid the education of colored people in the South. Mr. Hand, who is an aged resident of Guilford, Conn., acquired in the South a large part of the fortune which he now returns, and he learned from actual experience in the South the actual needs of the negro race. At the outbreak of the war Mr. Hand was obliged to quit New Orleans in haste, leaving all his property in the hands of George W. Williams, his confidential clerk. The result proved one of the cases which encourage confidence in human nature. Mr. Williams was left in absolute control of a fortune which might easily have been appropriated to his own purposes. But after the war the property, with its great increase in value, was returned to Mr. Hand. The latter has acted wisely in making this great gift during his lifetime, instead of expressing his intentions in a will, and leaving a bone of contention to his heirs. We have seen too many disputed will cases to feel much confidence in the post-mortem execution of beneficent intentions. The Tilden case is but one of frequent warnings as to the wisdom of carrying out benevolent purposes in life. Mr. Hand, moreover, has probably chosen the most prudent course in selecting as the trustee of his gift the American Missionary Association of this city, a society already controlling a valuable administrative mechanism. The income from the fund is to be applied to assisting the education of promising colored people in the old slave States; but in order that the benefaction may not become a source of weakness and demoralization, the outlay in any individual case will be restricted to one hundred dollars. This gift in itself should stimulate the colored population of the South to renewed efforts to prove their worthiness of such generous interest in their development. The application of this benefaction will undoubtedly produce encouraging results.

The problem of the treatment of those who, through inherited instincts, early associations, or some inexplicable moral perversity, have become professional criminals, is one which has been brought forward again by the deliberate murder of brave Officer Brennan, of the New York force, by an habitual lawbreaker. The murderer committed his first burglary at the age of sixteen, but he escaped punishment for this as for other crimes until six years ago, when he was sentenced to five years in Sing Sing for highway robbery. He left prison unchanged. No reformation had been effected, and he was still the enemy of society. He attempted a highway robbery, and to prevent arrest he discharged every barrel of his revolver into the body of the gallant policeman who had seized him. His career will now be cut short; but was it well to allow him to advance in crime from one step to another until he reached murder? This is really the question asked by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner in an article in the November *Forum*. Under our present penal system the convicted criminal is well cared for by the State, he reduces his term by good behavior, he is subjected to discipline which usually has only an external effect, and he is finally let loose upon the world unchanged mentally and morally. Mr. Warner sets forth the views of the advocates of indeterminate punishment. They reason that, as smallpox or insane patients are isolated and put under restraint until recovery is effected, so persons with a morbid moral or mental bent towards criminal acts should be similarly restrained. This is their logical conclusion, although its practice, of course, would involve changes in our jurisprudence. But the experiment of indeterminate sentences on a restricted scale is being carried on at the Elmira Reformatory, where a large majority of the prisoners released upon parole, after satisfying the Governing Board that they intend to lead honest lives, are believed to prove themselves permanently reformed. The difficulty, of course, is the temptation to hypocrisy and the difficulty of deciding upon the reality of reformation; but, after all, there is some remedy in the release on parole which amounts to a ticket-of-leave. Misconduct would probably lead to a prompt return to prison, where the indeterminate term would be resumed. The logic of the case certainly favors those who advocate indeterminate sentences. The case of poor Brennan shows the danger of the release of unrepentant, confirmed criminals to prey upon the community.

Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 202.



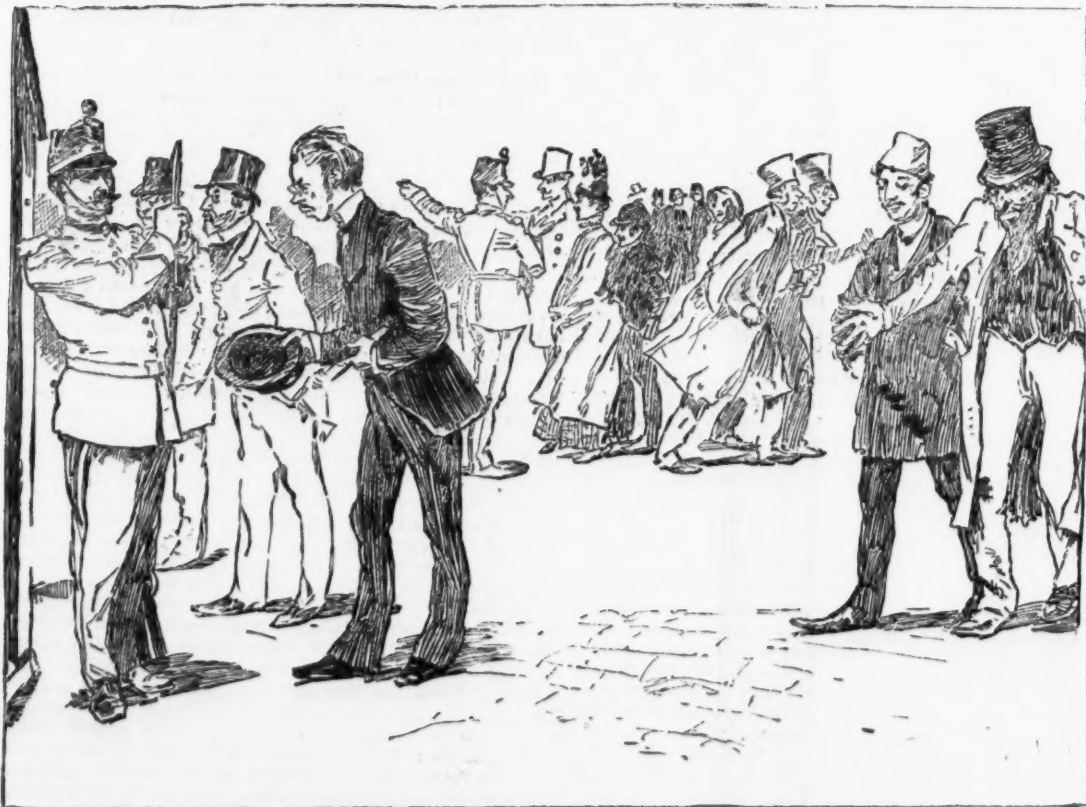
AFRICA.—A BRITISH CUTTER CHASING SLAVERS ON THE EAST COAST—CAPSIZE OF A DHOW.



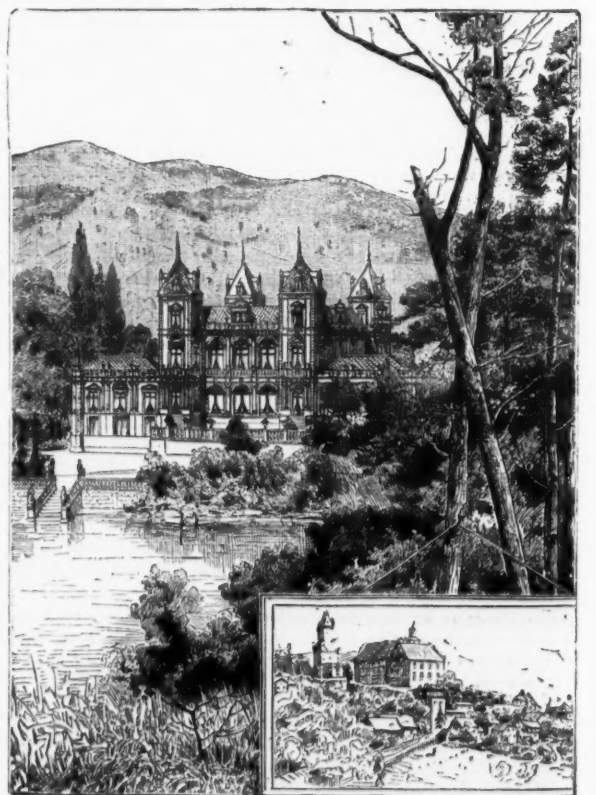
Arrival at the Piazza di Termini.

King Humbert, Emperor William, and the Prince of Naples, on the Balcony of the Quirinal Palace.

ITALY.—THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VISIT TO ROME.



FRANCE.—REGISTRATION OF FOREIGNERS AT THE PREFECTURE OF POLICE, PARIS.



GERMANY.—VILLA OF THE EMPRESS-DOWAGER FREDERICK, NEAR CRONBERG, TAUNUS MOUNTAINS.

THE NEW YORK HORSE-SHOW.

ONE of the finest exhibitions of horses ever seen in New York city is now open to the public, at the place so familiarly associated with similar shows in years past—the Madison Square Garden. The entries so far exceed those of any previous year, that the management find themselves somewhat crowded for space. The showing has been enlarged, so that as many as thirty horses can be brought out to be judged together.

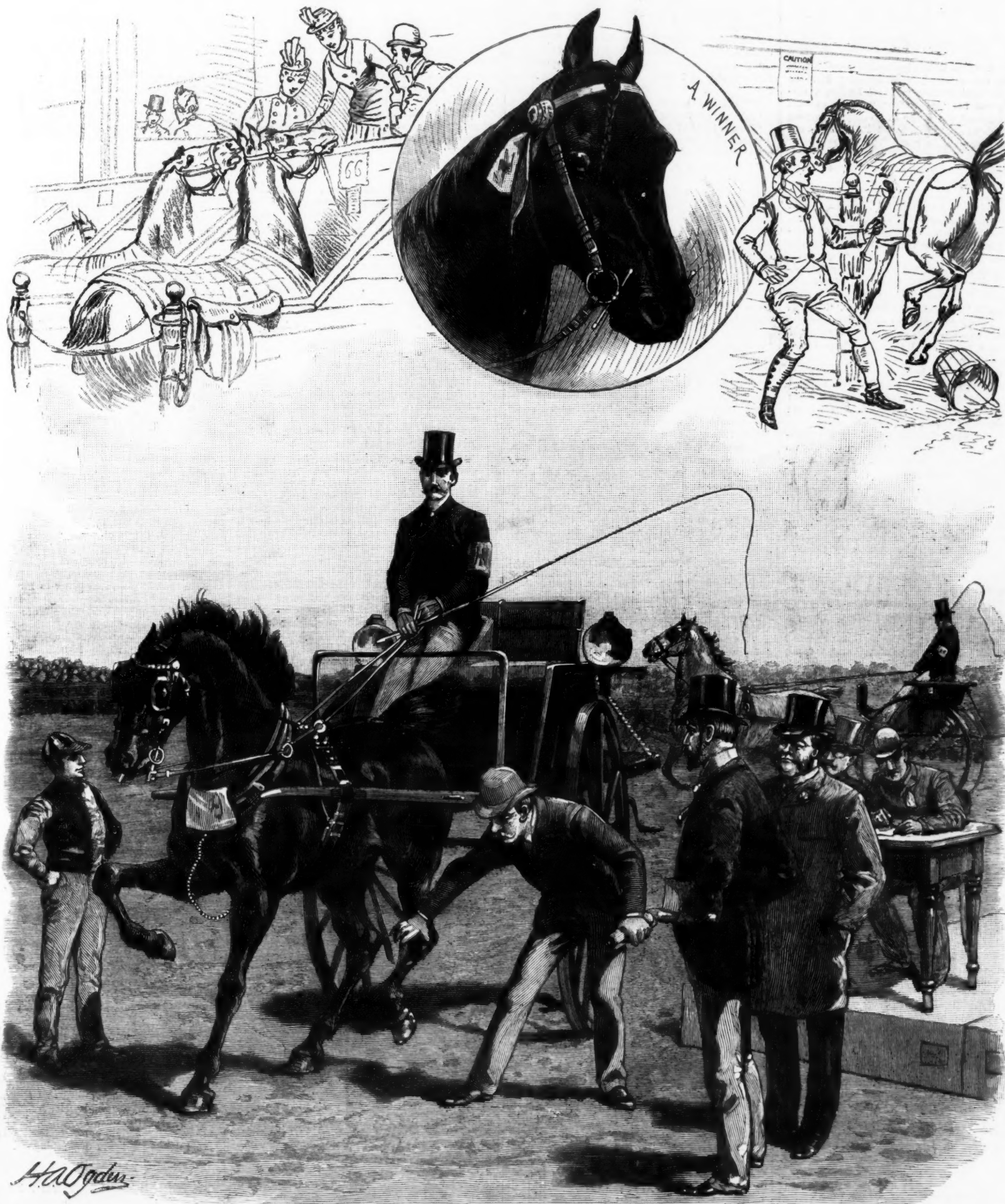
of the different classes, special prizes are offered by clubs and individuals.

BARON SACKVILLE-WEST.

THE Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Record writes as follows of Baron Sackville-West, the British Minister: "He has done more at tennis than he has at diplomacy since 1881. He has a tennis court in the back yard of

silently contemplating the dancers so long that a young society man thought he was slowly petrifying. In order to save him, the young man moved up to him as though inviting conversation. For a full minute West, who knew him perfectly well, looked steadily and silently at him. Then he suddenly dropped his single eyeglass and ejaculated, 'Let's have some sherry!' which was his entire conversation for that evening. Nor did any one suppose, until this week, that West could write. The fact is that West is too old for work.

although his head leans forward when he walks. He has scanty hair and a full beard, both once jet-black, now blue-black with dye. He wears English clothes, which are always twenty years too young for him. His face has a hard, wooden expression, and all his movements are mechanical. He must be sixty-five and over, and very old for his age he is. He lives like his predecessor, Sir Edward Thornton, in the big brick building put up by the British Government, in Sir Edward's time, on Connecticut Avenue, upon land bought



1. A PET.

2. NO FAMILIARITY.

NEW YORK CITY.—A HORSE-SHOW AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN—JUDGES AT WORK.

FROM A SKETCH BY H. A. OGDEN.

The decorations are profuse, the music is inspiring, and the fashionable throngs of spectators in the boxes and on the floor complete the animation of the scene.

The concourse of thoroughbreds includes scores of famous American and British racers. In the tandem class, the pony class, the saddle class, and the cob-stallion division, there is full and spirited competition. The list of hunters and jumpers has a great number of well-known names, and the cavalry-horse entries are also notable. In many

the Legation, and plays there every fair evening in the Spring and Fall with a lot of young people who might be his grandchildren. He is also a good walker. Every day, rain or shine, he takes a six-mile walk. The British Minister plays tennis and takes walks. That is about the size of it all.

"Ordinarily he is known as 'Old Silence.' At dinners and at parties, as at conferences and negotiations, West has been as silent as a dead clam. One night, at a party, last Winter, he stood

Forty-three years ago he entered the British diplomatic service as a clerk to the Earl of Aberdeen, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Ever since then Sackville-West has been slowly drying up. *Attaché* at Lisbon and Berlin, Secretary at Tunis, Madrid, Berlin and Paris, *Chargé d'Affaires* occasionally, and, finally, Minister to the Argentine Confederation, to Spain and to the United States, he has long since left his wits behind him.

"The Baron is a small man, thin and straight,

cheaply by the shrewd Sir Edward. It's substantially, but not very tastefully, furnished, and altogether is a comfortable sort of place. One thing that makes it especially comfortable is that the British Government pays all the expenses of its maintenance. West has an income of nearly \$125,000 a year now, besides his \$50,000 for entertaining purposes. And yet he is the most unhappy man in Washington. In one short letter he has made himself the laughing-stock of the world."

GAIN IN LOSS.

WHAT wrong, I pray, is possible for thee
To do my life? True, thou mayst idly slay
The love that waits not on thy yea or nay,
But it will rise to purer heights and be
More perfect through the pain thou gavest me.
The mortal dies that the immortal may
Escape the bonds that hold but to betray.
Love knows not Love indeed till Love is free.

That which we peril heaven itself to gain,
And lose in gaining, we through loss shall find
Diviner for the cleansing fires of pain:
And Love unbound, and seeking not to bind,
Rises above the selfhood that was slain,
A god no longer sensuous and blind.

A. L. M.

CHIP'S CURE.

EVERY now and then, a horseman, broad-hatted and be-weaponed, with jangling Mexican spurs and leather "chap" leggings, dismounted, tied his "cayuse" pony to the gnawed rack, and joined the group of cowboys lounging in the shade of Ashburn's post-office. With each corner the first question was:

"How's Chip?"

"No better," Old Man Ashburn replied, each time.

"Looks to me like that thar was a mighty heavy load to put onto a child like Chip," said Santa Fé, the cowboy, with the gaudy Mexican sash about his waist. "A load uv pain an' misery big enough to break a man down, an' she auth'n but a child!"

"Yer right, only she hain't a child," spoke red-cheeked Posy; "she's— How old, Ashburn?"

"Seventeen," Ashburn answered.

"Hanged if I knowed," said Santa Fé. "Reckon yer right; but I got so ust to seein' her amongst us, a-ridin' the cayuses an' dancin' an' laughin' an' singin' like a happy child, that I'd plumb fergot she'd growed up."

"Me, too," said Reddy Rose.

"I'm mightily afeared she'll never ride nur run no more," said Old Man Ashburn. "Ever sence she was a-throwed, she's be'n a-gittin' slowly but shorly worse an' worse, an'—"

"Wal," interrupted Santa Fé, with grim earnestness, "I hain't never be'n sorry fer the way we run out o' the Range the cuss that roped the cayuse an' got her throwed."

"Nur me!" cried a cowboy chorus.

At the sound of a faint call, Old Man Ashburn hastened within the building. Presently he appeared, dragging carefully behind him a splint-bottomed rocking-chair, in which reclined the wasted form of little Chip, Ashburn's crippled daughter.

At sight of her, the impulsive cowboys waved their broad hats and went through the motions of shouting lustily. But very little sound came from their distended mouths.

"Hello, boys!" the little cripple saluted, weakly. "I jest couldn't stay in there any longer when I heard you all talking. Pa didn't want me to come, but I told him—"

"She 'lowed," interrupted Ashburn, "that she'd come out yere if she'd crawl on her hands an' knees; an' I reckon she'd—"

"You bet she'd a-done it!" broke in Santa Fé.

"That's what she'd a-done," agreed Reddy Rose.

"How nice the sunshine seems!" said the little cripple. "I've been a-thinkin' often that mebby I'd never git out into it ag'in to run an' ride as I ust to. Some way—"

"Sant," whispered Posy, "hanged if I hain't sorry we stopped at runnin' out the cuss that got her throwed."

"Me, too!" returned Santa Fé. "Ort to a-killed him then an' thar!"

"That's what we ort!" agreed Reddy Rose.

Even the slight exertion attendant upon the short trip from the little bedroom to the door seemed almost too much for Chip's enfeebled frame. Her face grew paler, and she leaned wearily back in the old rocking-chair.

"Mebby I'll never see you again, boys," she piped. "I—"

"Old Man," interrupted Posy, "you better take her back now."

"But I don't want to go," the girl protested. "I want to stay an' see the boys, an'—"

As easily as if she had been of but a feather's weight, Posy took her in his strong arms and carried her back into her little bedroom carefully and very tenderly. His brown cheek was close to her pale one.

"An' who, Chip?" he whispered.

"An' you, Posy," she answered, softly.

"Boys," Old Man Ashburn was saying as Posy rejoined the group about the door, "things looks mighty black. She's a-sufferin' an' a-sufferin' an'—"

Posy rushed to his cayuse, flung himself into the saddle, and dashed away across the prairie, followed by his comrades.

"I couldn't stand it," he told them, as the ponies bounded away to the eastward. "I jest couldn't stand to hear that pore ole cuss a-tellin' of little Chip a-gettin' neader an' neader death, an' he, her dad, not able to help her!"

"Say," said Santa Fé, suddenly, "we ort—"

"You bet!" interrupted Posy. "We ort, an' we will do—"

"Thar comes Hank!" broke in Reddy Rose, as the little mules and faded buckboard that comprised the turnout of Hank Bitters, the mail-carrier, emerged from the distant timber.

"Hank's got a passenger."

Obedient to the touch of the huge Mexican spurs, the cayuses bounded towards the approaching vehicle at the cowboys' favorite gait, a keen run.

Hank Bitters's passenger, an old gentleman with a phenomenally bald head and a general appearance of almost owlish wisdom, had been growing more and more uncomfortable ever since entering

the cattle country. The conversation of the stage-driver, and later, of Hank Bitters, had not served to allay any of his apprehension.

"W'y," said Hank, with great gravity, "some uv these yere cowboys is pizon—plumb pizon! An' reckless! Wal, reckless hain't no name for it! They're bad!"

His auditor shivered.

"Kill a man! Jest as quick as to eat! Durn sight quicker, some of 'em! I've knowed—"

He paused and gazed thoughtfully at the tall hat of his companion.

"I've knowed 'em to shoot a States man jest fer wearin' a plug hat!"

"My stars!" shivered the passenger.

"Knowed wuss'n that. W'y, out on the Soap River Range—"

And Hank Bitters luridly pictured the depravity of the cowboys of the Soap River region.

"But surely they would not harm me," quavered the passenger, "if they were apprised of my identity?"

"Which?"

"If they knew who I was."

"Mebby they'd let you off easy," consoled Hank.

"And when we come in contact with them, you will do your best to soothe them?"

"I'll do what I kin," returned Hank. "But it's mighty finicky business."

And so he worked upon the fears of his passenger till the old gentleman gazed apprehensively about, as if he expected to see a dozen fierce cowboys leap from behind every bush, to make of his person an impromptu revolver-target. He was nearly ready to cry out with alarm when, as they emerged from the timber, he beheld Santa Fé and his comrades careering towards them. The yells of recognition with which they greeted Hank, while still rods away, sent a great thrill of terror through the old gentleman.

"Tell them who I am!" he whispered, hoarsely.

"Tell them I am a man of peace bound on an errand of mercy!"

"I'll do the best I kin," returned Hank, with an inward convulsion. "But it's mighty risky business! They're pizon, plumb pizon!"

As the cowboys circled about the buckboard the passenger almost gave up all hope.

"Tell them!" he whispered to Hank.

That worthy, with a tremendous wink at Santa Fé, called out:

"Don't be brash, boys! This yere gent's on his way to visit a ole-time friend down on the Cimarron, what's got a crippled boy. As a favor to me, don't hurt him. Name's Doc Bristow, M.D., uv—"

"What?" cried Posy. "A doctor? Got yer tools an' medicine along, doc?"

"Yes, sir," quavered the physician.

"Got them along!" cried Posy. "Then yer jest—"

"Hold on!" broke in Santa Fé, catching Posy's idea. "We don't want no botch doctor. Doc, air you up to yer game?"

"I hardly—"

"I mean, do you know yer biz? Do you size up with the balance uv the doctors?"

Dr. Bristow's professional pride, up in arms in an instant, overcame his fears.

"Know my business, sir? Up with other physicians, sir? Why, sir, I can say without a particle of boasting that I stand head and shoulders above my professional rivals—head and shoulders, sir! I am the author of—"

He named a work with a sonorous and complicated medical title, that conveyed little or no meaning to his hearers.

"I performed, sir, one of the most remarkable cures of the present century by restoring Senator Heywood to vigorous health."

"Believe I yeared about that," said Santa Fé.

"'Lowed he'd die, didn't they?"

"Certainly! Ninety-nine cases out of every hundred thus attacked succumb. Therefore I am, justly accorded great credit for my almost miraculous cure. I—"

"Boys," said Posy, "we want him!"

"That's what we do," agreed Reddy Rose.

As the cowboys reached this decision the party was within a hundred yards of Ashburn's post-office.

"Doc," said Posy, "you'll have to stop yere a while."

The physician's air of gratified professional pride was instantly superseded by fear.

"Oh, gentlemen, spare me!" he quavered. "I will not wear it again if you object to its appearance!"

"Pearance uv what?" asked Santa Fé.

"My hat—'plug,' I think you call it!"

Hank Bitters threatened to explode with delight, but the cowboys never even smiled.

The physician was so loath to leave the vehicle that he had to be dragged out by force.

"Take it easy, doc," soothed Posy. "We don't mean no harm!"

Dr. Bristow, little reassured, mentally anathematized the day he left his city home to throw himself into the clutches of these white savages.

"Doc," began Posy, "kin you cure a girl what's mighty nigh dead frum bein' throwed frum a cayuse?"

Dr. Bristow's professional instinct got the better of a portion of his fears.

"I think I can safely say I can, sir, if a cure is possible," he said.

Posy led the way to Chip's bedside.

"Chip, this yere is Doc Bristow. Doc, this yere is Ole Man Ashburn, Chip's dad. Come, ole man!"

Ashburn followed him out of doors, and Dr. Bristow was alone with his patient.

The cowboys were very grave when the physician reappeared.

"Gentlemen—" he began.

"Means you an' Sant, I reckon, Posy," said Reddy Rose.

"What'll it be with little Chip, doc?" asked Posy.

"Although her case is extremely precarious," replied the physician, deliberately, "with proper nursing and the care of a skilled physician, she can be restored to health. A delicate and dangerous operation is necessary. If she survives that and is attended by—"

"She will be! The big doctor'll be thar," said Posy.

"Who might he be, if I may ask?" questioned the physician.

"Doc Bristow," answered Posy.

"But I cannot remain. My engagement—"

"Blank your engagement! In that thar room lies Chip—little Chip that—"

"That we all love, every last one uv us," broke in Santa Fé.

"You bet!" cried Reddy Rose.

"But—"

"An'," interrupted Posy, "the cuss that got her hurt was run off the Range, but the cuss that kin cure her, but won't, will never leave the Range a-runnin' nur no way."

"That's what he won't!" agreed Reddy Rose. Dr. Bristow seemed to fully realize what Posy's words implied.

Next day, long before the hour for performing the operation that was to end or save Chip's life, the cowboys had congregated in the shade of Ashburn's post-office. Posy was not with them.

"Posy," little Chip was saying, as she feebly stroked the rough head bent above her, "if I—I don't git out again, give each of the boys one of these."

Then she weakly drew from beneath her pillow as many locks of hair, tied with little pieces of ribbon, as there were cowboys in the group outside. There was one for Posy, also, he noticed through the mist of tears that dimmed his eyes.

Little Chip softly stroked Posy's rough head, as he bent still lower till his lips touched hers, and a hot tear fell on each cheek. Then, far braver than he, she turned her face away.

"Good-by, Posy," she said.

"Good-by, Chip."

He staggered out of the room, and dashing the tears from his eyes, he grasped the doctor's arm with a force that made him wince, and whispered hoarsely:

"Go in, now, an'—an' if her good-by was the last one, God forgive ye! This yere iron"—half drawing his revolver—"never misses fire, an'—Wal, you'll never go offen the Range!"

Dr. Bristow had made no idle boast when he spoke of his professional skill, and all of that skill was called into action to preserve unsnapped the chord that bound poor little suffering Chip to life. When the operation was over and the crisis past, the great physician tottered through the door and fell fainting into Posy's arms.

"She is safe!" he gasped, as he opened his eyes.

As if moved by a common impulse, the cowboys mounted their cayuses and galloped off across the prairie at whirlwind speed. Two miles away they halted, and gave vent to their rejoicing in yells both long and loud.

A month later, when little Chip was able to hop about quite smartly on her crutches, Dr. Bristow asked of Posy, of whom he seemed to stand in dreadful fear, if he might leave for his Eastern home on the following day.

"But, doc, I thought you was keen to go out on the Cimarron?"

Nothing was further from Dr. Bristow's desire. He told himself that if he could but return home, it would take a most powerful attraction indeed to draw him away from it.

Santa Fé and Old Man Ashburn held several mysterious conferences, in which Posy was not invited to take part. The result was apparent next day. Instead of the faded buckboard, Hank Bitters arrived in a long spring-wagon, which, as Reddy Rose said, was simply "gorgis" with red paint of the reddest red; and Hank himself was gotten up for the great occasion "regardless," in an uncomfortable suit of new store-clothes, topped off by a collar that persisted in riding his red neck most outrageously. A clerical-looking personage who accompanied him was saluted by the cowboys with shouts of "Preacher Blue!"

The cowboys were all in holiday attire, and even Old Man Ashburn was quite "smartly" arrayed. Posy stared in wonder at the group, but from the way little Chip smiled and blushed, it was evidently not at all a mystery to her.

"Posy," began Santa Fé, awkwardly, "I want to say fer me an' the boys an' Ole Man, yere, that we 'low we know how you an' Chip feel towards each other, an'—an'—"

"We reckon you both show mighty good taste," broke in Reddy Rose.

"Knowin' this," went on Santa Fé, "we—that is—you—wal—darn it, you're goin' to git married yere an' now, an'—an' yere's yer weddin' present from me an' the boys! Soon's it's over you're goin' to start on a weddin' tower. We 'low Chip needs travel;" and Santa Fé thrust a roll of bills into the hand of the astonished Posy.

The latter presently essayed to express all his thanks, but the cowboys, seeing his embarrassment, drowned his words by wild yells.

After Posy and Chip had been made one, Dr. Bristow was the first to be equal to the occasion. He first proposed and carried out the kissing of the bride. The cowboys followed suit, and Posy, still half-dazed, was nearly knocked off his feet by a rush of comrades to claim tribute from the tempting mouth of the new-made bride.

When the very red spring-wagon departed, its occupants were Posy, Chip, Dr. Bristow, besides Hank Bitters, the truthful. Just before they entered the timber, they waved an adieu to the cowboys congregated before Ashburn's post-office.

Santa Fé unwound his gaudy Mexican scarf and waved it in response, and the other cowboys indignantly swung their hats and yelled till the red wagon and its occupants had passed from sight.

"Ashburn, you ole fool, you're a-cryin'," said Santa Fé, presently.

"So air you!" spoke Reddy Rose.

"Wal, you're not a bit better yerself!" retorted Santa Fé.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WASHINGTONS.

On the 7th of August last, the Sulgrave estate, in Northamptonshire, England, was put up for public sale. It is a small property, as English estates go, consisting of about two hundred acres of land with an old Manor House. Yet it has been supposed to have unusual interest for Americans. It was part of the dissolved Priory of St. Andrew's, Northampton, and in Henry VIII's reign, in the year 1533, was granted to Lawrence Washington, Esquire, of Gray's Inn, who had been Mayor of Northampton a few years before. The Manor House has the arms of the Washington family carved upon its walls. It is supposed that the origin of our Stars and Stripes is to be found in the heraldic devices of this old Washington family. Many Americans have visited the memorial brass of the family, that for over two hundred and fifty years has lain in the village church of Great Brington, Northamptonshire. Washington Irving describes his own visit to Sulgrave, and not only mentions the crest and brass, but grows pathetic over an old rookery, and says, "The rooks, those stanch adherents to old family abodes, still hovered and cawed about their hereditary nests."

Irving occupies twelve pages of his "Life of Washington" in tracing the family back to the twelfth century in the County of Durham, and suggesting, rather than asserting, that William de Hertburn, the progenitor of the Washingtons, might have been one of the Norman warriors rewarded for services by William the Conqueror by a gift of lands. After recounting all that is known of this ancient family, through its various names of Wessington, Wassington, Wassington and Washington, he jumps, without any proof, to the assertion that our Washington sprang from Lawrence Washington, of Gray's Inn, son of John Washington, of Warton, in Lancashire; and he adds that Sulgrave Manor, granted to Lawrence in 1538, remained in the family until 1620. It seems, then, that this old Washington property, sold last Summer, passed out of the family nearly forty years before John Washington, the great-grandfather of General Washington, emigrated to this country, for the date of that emigration is fixed in 1657. Yet most of our historians, including Sparks, Marshall and Curtis, concur with Irving in asserting that this old Sulgrave Manor was really the cradle of the family of our first President. If this is the fact, some patriotic American like Mr. Childs ought to have attended the sale in August last and bought in the old place. He might have made it a Mecca for the crowd of pilgrims who are now rushing through England. It would have been a fine thing to have a Washington's Headquarters in old England dating back nearly to the Conquest, and the gift of the doughty Conqueror himself to the progenitors of our own hero. And the purchaser, by well-known American methods, might have turned a pretty penny by the venture.

But the whole scheme might have failed, for now comes the inevitable iconoclast, and seeks to uproot this whole genealogical tree. The London *Telegraph*, famous for its bright antiquarian articles, came out the day before the sale with a long editorial, showing that there is little reason to believe that John Washington, who came to Virginia in 1657, had anything at all to do with Lawrence Washington, of Sulgrave Manor, much less with the favored follower of William the Conqueror. It recalls the fact that Colonel Joseph Lemuel Chester, to whom Dean Stanley erected a tablet in Westminster Abbey, as a distinguished archaeologist of the United States, had, in his researches, found reason for doubting the whole story of Washington's pedigree commonly believed. This is high authority, for Colonel Chester, who was once the Clerk of the House of Representatives, removed to London in 1858 and devoted himself to antiquarian studies. He prepared the "Marriage, Baptismal and Burial Registers of Westminster Abbey," and applied himself with extraordinary zeal to the work of searching out the genealogy of the first settlers in North America, until his death in 1852. The *Telegraph* asserts that General Robert E. Lee expressed the opinion that the English county from which Washington's family came is still unknown.

It is certain that General Washington himself, in answer to a letter of inquiry from Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King-at-arms, in 1792, remarked that the descent of his family was a subject to which he had paid very little attention. It is quite as well, therefore, that this old estate, in the mutations of the English landowners now going on, should pass into the hands of some city manufacturer and lose all its traditions as the cradle of the ancestors of Washington.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

SLAVE-DHOW CHASING IN EAST AFRICAN WATERS.

SLAVE-CRUIISING is very popular here with the men (writes a British naval officer in East Africa to the London *Graphic*), and they show great zeal in doing their utmost to stamp out the nefarious trade. The *Garnet* has been very lucky so far. One of the sketches represents the capsizing of a dhow with one hundred slaves, besides the crew. Eighteen men only were picked up. The cutter *Olga*, under Sub-lieutenant Palmer, lately succeeded in capturing a dhow after two hours and a half. Four Arabs and slaves (two of whom were women) were killed, and a few wounded. The *Garnet* towed the dhow back in triumph to Zanzibar, to be tried at the Consular Court. Their condemnation means prize-money to all hands, including the proverbial ship's cook.

EMPEROR WILLIAM IN ROME.

The visit of Emperor William II. of Germany to the capitals of Austria and of Italy, last month

constituted an event of no small historical interest, and furnished occasion for a great amount of spectacular pageantry. The two pictures which we reproduce show the arrival of the German Emperor and his party, on the afternoon of the 11th ult., at the railway station in Rome. The Emperor was met there by King Humbert, and conducted to the Quirinal Palace with an escort of Cuirassiers, under the military commander in Rome, and was followed by ten other carriages, the first of which conveyed the Prince of Naples and Prince Henry of Prussia; the second, the Dukes of Aosta and Genoa; the third, Signor Crispi, Count Herbert Bismarck, and the two German officers in attendance. At the Quirinal the German Emperor was received by the Grand Master of Ceremonies, and was conducted to the reception-saloon, where Queen Margherita of Italy awaited him, with the ladies of her Court. After a courteous greeting from his royal hostess, the Court dignitaries, the Ministers of State, the Knights of the Order of the Annunziata, the President of the Italian Senate, and the President of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, were presented to the Imperial Majesty, who conversed with the Minister of War, General Bertoldo Viale, and Admiral Brin; the Minister of Marine, the Emperor then gave his arm to the Queen, and, with the King of Italy and the Royal Princes, showed himself on the central balcony, in sight of 50,000 people, who greeted him with enthusiastic cheering.

REGISTRATION OF FOREIGNERS IN PARIS.

The registration decree recently promulgated by the Government of the French Republic has long prevailed in most other great Continental States of Europe. It is not enforced on those who merely visit Paris for pleasure or business, or mere tourists, or sojourners at such places as Boulogne or Dieppe in the Summer, or at Pau or Biarritz, or Nice or Cannes, or Aix-les-Bains, at any time of the year. The order seems intended as a precaution against the continuous operations of cosmopolitan agents of the communist and anarchist factions, and may perhaps only be made applicable through special instructions to the Prefects of Departments in which large cities and manufacturing towns are situated, liable to become the scenes of subversive conspiracies or commotions. Paris and Lyons are named in the decree of President Carnot. Every foreigner not legally domiciled in France, who intends to reside there, must now, within fifteen days of his arrival, present himself, if in Paris, to the Prefecture of Police, and, in other parts of the country, at the Mairie of the parish, to make a declaration of his name and those of his father and mother, his nationality, the place and date of his birth, the place where he last resided, his profession or trade or means of subsistence, and the names and ages of his wife and children accompanying him in France. What a medley the Parisian population is may be judged from the classification of one day's registrations: Germans, 321; Americans, 55; English, 111; Argentines, 2; Austrians, 101; Belgians, 510; Brazilians, 5; Bulgarians, 5; Chileans, 2; Colombians, 6; Danes, 7; Egyptians, 1; Spaniards, 24; Greeks, 5; Dutchmen, 66; Italians, 320; Japanese, 3; Luxemburgers, 139; Moors, 1; Norwegians, 4; Peruvians, 2; Roumanians, 18; Russians, 108; Servians, 1; Swedes, 14; Swiss, 438; Turks, 14; Uruguayan, 1; and native of Dahomey, 1.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK'S VILLA.

The beautiful Villa Reiss has been bought by the Empress Frederick of Germany as a Summer residence. It is most picturesquely situated near Cronberg, among the Taunus Mountains, about five and a half miles from Frankfurt, and has fine grounds of more than one hundred acres. It is now being enlarged and altered, and will afford very pleasant Summer quarters for the Empress and her family. Cronberg itself, which contains 3,000 inhabitants, is very prettily situated on a hill, and is surrounded by fruit orchards and chestnut woods. It is commanded by a fine old castle, the Schloss Cronberg. The Empress is stated to have paid \$100,000 for the Villa Reiss.

LORD SACKVILLE'S DISMISSAL.

AS soon as publicity had been given to the facts of Lord Sackville's interference with American politics on the eve of a Presidential election, and his insulting expressions regarding the motives of President Cleveland and our Government, it became evident that that British Minister's days at Washington were numbered. The demand for his removal was universal and peremptory; yet the summary manner in which that demand was answered proved, last week, a veritable sensation. It came from the President, through Secretary Bayard, on Tuesday of last week—just ten days after the first publication of Lord Sackville's offense—in the form of a flat notification to that gentleman of his dismissal from his post as British Minister to the United States. In reality, this extreme action had been taken somewhat deliberately. United States Minister Phelps, in England, before he conferred with Lord Salisbury on the matter, had been furnished with a full statement of the facts in the case, copies of the correspondence between Minister West and the mythical Murchison in Pomona, Cal., together with the statements made to the press by Secretary Bayard, and the published utterances of Lord Sackville since the publication of the correspondence; all of which he must have laid before the Prime Minister. Lord Salisbury's reply, it is presumed, was unsatisfactory. At any rate, he did not recall the obnoxious representative; and, after waiting a reasonable time, President Cleveland took action, through the State Department, as announced. The form of Lord Sackville's dismissal, according to the New York Herald's Washington correspondent, was substantially as follows:

"My Lord: By direction of the President, I have the honor to inform you that, for cause heretofore made known to Her Majesty's Government, your continuance in your present official situation near this Government is no longer acceptable, and would consequently be detrimental to the good relations between the two Powers. I have the further honor, by direction of the President, to inclose you a letter of safe conduct through the territories of the United States. I have the honor to be your obedient servant."

T. F. BAYARD.

This action having been reached, on the afternoon of the 30th ult., after a thorough consideration of the matter at that day's Cabinet meeting, and by the President and Secretary Bayard in private conference, the latter's detailed statement, transmitted to Lord Sackville with the letter of dismissal, was also given out for publication. This statement, addressed to the President, sets forth in detail the facts of the British Minister's correspondence with one Charles F. Murchison, of Pomona, Cal., adding that "upon this correspondence being made public, the Minister received the

representatives of the public press, and in frequent interviews with them, intended for publication, added to the imputations which he had already made of the good faith of this Government in its public action and international dealings," and neither disavowed nor modified his expressions afterward. "The question is thus presented," continues the Secretary, "whether it is compatible with the dignity, security and independent sovereignty of the United States to permit the representative of a foreign Government in this country not only to receive and answer without disapproval, and confirm by his repetition, aspersions upon its political action, but also to interfere in its domestic affairs by advising persons formerly his countrymen as to their political course as citizens of the United States. As between this country and Great Britain, there can be no controversy as to the complete severance of the ties of original allegiance by naturalization. Disputes on this point were finally put at rest by the Treaty of Naturalization concluded by the two countries on the 13th of May, 1870. Therefore it will not be contended, nor was such contention ever admitted by us, that citizens of the United States of British origin are subject to any claim of the country of their original allegiance."

He also calls attention to the provisions of Section 5,335 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, by which severe penalties are visited on the citizen of the United States who, without the authority or permission of this Government, "commences or carries on any verbal or written correspondence or intercourse with any foreign Government or any officer or agent thereof," either with an intent to influence the action of such Government or its agents in relation to any disputes or controversies with the United States, or with an intent "to defeat the measures of the Government of the United States."

The statement concludes: "By your direction, the attention of the British Government has, in a spirit of comity, been called to the conduct of its Minister as above described; but without result. It therefore becomes necessary for this Government to consider whether, as the guardian of its own self-respect and of the integrity of its institutions, it will permit further intercourse to be held through the present British Minister at this capital. It is to be observed that precedents are not wanting as to the question under consideration. It is a settled rule, essential to the maintenance of international intercourse, that a diplomatic representative must be *persona grata* to the Government to which he is accredited. If, by his conduct, he renders himself *persona non grata*, an announcement of the fact may be made to his Government. In the present case, all the requirements of comity have been fulfilled, the facts having been duly communicated to Her Majesty's Government, with an expression of the opinion of this Government in regard thereto."

Up to the present writing, Lord Sackville has refused to say anything whatever concerning the circumstances of his dismissal, though his resentment at the course pursued by Secretary Bayard is understood to be bitter. English opinion generally appears to condemn the "blunder" of Her Majesty's representative, although the London Standard thinks that "the American Government has taken summary action of a deliberately offensive kind in relation to Lord Sackville." A London press dispatch announces the outcome of the whole matter in this statement: "Lord Sackville comes to England immediately on leave of absence; that he has important business to attend to in connection with the Sackville estates, and that he will not return to Washington."

The English home of Lord Sackville, to which he will now retire with his interesting family, is Knowle Park, Sevenoaks, Kent, which, together with his title, he inherits from his late elder brother, the first Baron Sackville.

LORD SACKVILLE AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

Lord Sackville was appointed Minister at Washington in June, 1881. He was at that time a widower, and his three daughters were at school in a convent in Paris. As they finished their education their father brought them to Washington, and they made their debut in society there; first, Miss Victoria Sackville-West, then Miss Flora, and lastly, Miss Amelia Sackville-West. For some few years before her two younger sisters became of age and entered society, Miss West, in a measure, supervised or gave directions as to their education and studies. She has been all that an elder sister could be to motherless girls. When it became time to enter society, and to preside as the head of the household and Legation mansion, Sir Lionel gave her a grand ball, which was the "talk of the town" for the winter season; and as each of his two younger daughters entered society their debut was celebrated in a similar style, to the delight and admiration of diplomatic, high official and society circles. These young ladies, "daughters of a hundred ears," have been the pets of exclusive society circles, though not exclusive themselves. As warm-hearted, whole-souled English girls, they could not be so, for it would be foreign to their womanly natures. At the fashionable Winter and Summer resorts they have been the "admired of all admirers." Without knowing who they were, the man of letters and the traveled gentleman could tell at a single glance their aristocratic and noble birth, for its sign-manual is visible and noticeable at the first glance or introduction to them. Miss Victoria Sackville-West has been the belle of Washington ever since her entrance to society. She is very beautiful, with the rare combination of a faultless face and a perfect figure; clear-cut features, with large, wistful, dark-gray eyes and an amiable expression, and her every motion is one of queenly grace. The marriage of Miss Flora West, the second daughter, last June, in Paris, to Mr. Gabriel Salanson, Secretary of Legation, and son of General Salanson, is still fresh in the public mind. Her enforced exodus from Washington and its gay surroundings was a source of much regret, and now the departure of Miss West and Miss Amelia will create a void in the happy and pleasant home circles in which they were, and are still, social favorites, particularly in Mrs. Whitney's, Mrs. Endicott's, and other prominent society people in Washington, New York, Albany, Newport, Boston and Lenox.

SHERRY OF JEREZ.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Evening Post writes: "There has never been a better illustration of the fact that honesty is the best policy—in the long run—than the fate of the sherry industry. Everybody knows what fortunes have been made on sherry wine; but those times seem to be past. Mr. Ingraham, the American Consul at Cadiz, prints in one of his reports the translation of a letter written by the Mayor of Jerez to the Civil Governor of the Province of Cadiz. The Mayor

complains that the condition of the wine trade in Jerez could not be more deplorable than it is. Capital bears no interest, the vineyards have no value, and the town has become poor. Twenty years ago 80 to 90 francs were paid per hectoliter, now only 13 to 14. The key to the change thus deplored by the Mayor lies in the fact that some firms began to import German alcohol, and to manufacture a vile, cheap compound, which has injured the popularity of the wine and limited the sale of genuine sherry, which cannot be sold at any such price. Good sherry is still to be had, but there is little market for it. The extent to which the adulteration of Spanish wine is carried on may be inferred from the fact that twelve million dollars' worth of German alcohol (made of potatoes and beets) is imported into Spain annually, of which Cadiz alone (the port of Jerez) got \$880,000 in 1886! Thus the change from honest sherry to the rank compound of villainous stuffs usually served up under that name has benefited no one but the German distillers. It would seem as if a remedy for this state of affairs might be found."

GLADSTONE AT SEVENTY-NINE.

A LONDON correspondent of the Boston Herald says: "Mr. Gladstone is never disappointing. When the fragments of the English legislative machine scattered on its yearly breakup I predicted that the grandest old fragment of all would keep right on with his political fighting, and so he has. In fact, he is absolutely outdoing himself, and making Gladstone at seventy-nine eclipse in all ways the Gladstone of former years. He speaks more rapidly and for a longer time than he has ever done before, as professional stenographers all agree. In fact, on a recent occasion Gladstone's audience gave out, while he was still fresh and vigorous. The speech was all about Ireland."

"Every one in the huge outdoor meeting at Haverd was deeply attentive, and the grand old man was in his finest form. But when he had poured out four columns in a steady stream, the crowd all the while packing itself closer and closer around him, men and women began fainting here and there so frequently that Mr. Gladstone felt called upon to stop, and he did so, expressing his regret at being compelled by circumstances to curtail his remarks. At the close his voice was as strong and his delivery as rapid as at the commencement of his speech. Before his political oration he had just talked two columns full about ancient pottery and the potters' art to a select audience in his library. All topics seem to come within Mr. Gladstone's range, from questions of statesmanship to the length of time that should be devoted to chewing meat."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE best-paid drummers traveling for Chicago houses are five men in the grocery trade, who receive salaries of from \$8,000 to \$10,000 a year.

ADMIRAL D. D. PORTER, in his annual report to the Navy Department, favors sailing-vessels as practice-ships, urges changes in the regulations by which more apprentices can be secured to the service, of which he points out an absolute need, discredits our torpedo-service, and favors heavy guns and warships.

FRENCH statesmen have come to the conclusion that the national system of education in France is defective on its physical side. Efforts are now being made to acclimatize cricket, football, rowing and baseball in French schools. M. Bischoffsheim, the wealthy Parisian banker, has offered a prize of \$1,000 to any person, whether a Frenchman, an American or an Englishman, who shall invent a new game thoroughly adapted to French colleges and schools.

THE Lehigh Valley Railroad Company recently authorized an agent to make settlements to the representatives of the persons killed in the disaster at Mud Run on October 10th. The allowances are as follows: Where the victims were heads of families, \$3,500; unmarried young men, \$1,800; and persons under eighteen years of age, \$1,500. Two of the claimants have accepted these terms; some have asked for time to consider them; others have retained a lawyer to look after their interests. In numerous cases claims for \$5,000 have been made.

ANOTHER Arctic tragedy appears imminent. Acting Secretary Thompson received at Washington, last week, a long telegram from San Francisco, signed by Senator Hearst and others, informing him of the perilous situation of the crews of about a dozen whalers supposed to have been wrecked near Herald Island, in the Arctic Ocean, and asking that a revenue steamer be sent at once to their assistance. There are said to be nearly 500 men in the party, and they are in no condition to withstand the rigors of an Arctic Winter. There being no revenue vessel available for a rescuing cruise, the present plan is to fit out the *Thetis* for the expedition as soon as she arrives at San Francisco from the Arctic, and to hasten her arrival with that end in view.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

OCTOBER 27TH.—In Mendon, Pa., Hon. C. C. Sherbondy, aged 55 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., John D. Prince, aged 74 years. OCTOBER 28TH.—In Baltimore, Md., Nathaniel Watts, an "old defender," aged 93 years; in New Orleans, La., Armand E. Blackman, the well-known music-dealer and chess authority, aged 62 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Daniel C. Bigelow, of St. Augustine, aged 69 years; in Roseville, N. J., Lewis E. Jackson, Secretary and Treasurer of the New York City Mission and Tract Society, aged 66 years; in New York, John Carle, Jr., the well-known druggist, aged 84 years; in New York, John Hyslop, aged 82 years. OCTOBER 29TH.—In Greencastle, Ind., Judge D. B. Eckles, aged 82 years; in New York, Charles H. Phillips, President of the Phillips Chemical Company; in Ravenswood, Ill., Judge William K. McAllister, aged 70 years; in Selma, Ala., Judge Thomas A. Walker, aged 78 years. OCTOBER 30TH.—In Troy, N. Y., Franklin W. Farnam, aged 51 years; in Stanhope, N. J., J. Seward Willis, aged 50 years; in Walcott, N. Y., the Rev. Alexander Campbell, a prominent minister of the Seventh Day Baptist denomination, aged 88 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Dr. James Crane, aged 70 years; in New York, Benjamin B. Merrill, aged 73 years; in Rome, Italy, the Rev. Dr. William C. Van Meter, the well-known evangelist and missionary, aged 68 years. NOVEMBER 1ST.—In New York, Napoleon L. Thieblin, journalist and author, aged 54 years; in Lancaster, Pa., Colonel James Duffy, a leading farmer.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

NEW JERSEY will next year derive \$1,340,341 in taxes from railroads.

THE reduction of the public debt during October amounted to \$4,585,619.

A LONDON publishing house has been fined \$500 for publishing the works of Zola.

AUSTRALIA is building a fence of wire netting 8,000 miles long to keep jack rabbits out of Queensland.

THE Kansas Court of Appeals has allowed damages to a passenger who, while riding on a free pass, was injured in a railroad accident.

THE United States Supreme Court has declared unconstitutional all State laws imposing a license tax upon commercial travelers non-resident of the State.

THE President has issued a proclamation designating Thursday, November 29th, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer throughout the United States.

A NOVEL experiment is about to be made in Paris in the establishment of a cab company, with a plant of 300 hansom fitted with rubber tires, drawn by English horses.

THE Parliamentary Committee appointed to consider the question of a revision of the French Constitution has decided in favor of revision by a vote of 6 to 1.

THE question of the restoration of diplomatic relations between England and the Vatican will be considered by a Commission of Cardinals to be appointed by the Pope.

THREE HUNDRED local committees in France are co-operating with M. de Lesseps in his efforts to procure subscriptions for the unsold Panama Canal lottery bonds.

COMMODORE SCHLEY, in his annual report, will make an appeal to Congress for modern vessels for training-schools and an increase in the number of boys to be instructed.

THE Sheriff of Cleveland, O., has discovered in a vault of the city treasury \$152,000 worth of the securities supposed to have been carried off by the absconded Treasurer.

THE Parnell Commission has decided that the books of the Land League must be produced in court. The Parnellites make no objection to the production of the books.

GOVERNOR LESLIE of Montana, in his annual report to the Secretary of the Interior, says that the Territory does not owe a dollar, and has plenty of money in the Treasury.

ONE of the latest incidents of the political campaign in New York city was a parade of workingwomen, in twenty carriages, carrying protection banners and headed by a band.

FREDERICK GERHARD has brought suit against the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company for \$190,000, the value of his race-horses which were killed in the accident at Shohola last Summer.

THE decline of the Salvation Army in New York is shown by the fact that there are now only six barracks in New York and Brooklyn, and none of which are flourishing. A few years ago there were thirteen barracks, all prospering.

THE death of the King of Holland, which is now looked for, may be productive of political changes in that country. The Liberal element has of late succeeded in securing a number of constitutional reforms, and it is not impossible that a Dutch Republic may again come into prominence.

SOME of the English newspapers manifest great indignation over the dismissal of Lord Sackville-West. The London Standard suggests that Minister Phelps should be given his passports, and the Times and all other papers complain of American manners in the most unmanly language.

HERE is something new. President Strong of the Santa Fé Railroad has announced his intention of reducing salaries ten per cent. of all employees excepting engineers, firemen, switchmen, brakemen or mechanical operators. The beginning was made by reducing his own salary twenty-five per cent.

A GEORGIA man is traveling through the State with his family in a curious vehicle. The body, which is something like a street-car and which will hold thirty persons, is set on a log-wagon, which is drawn by four large oxen. There is a door at the rear and steps for entering it, and within are a cook-stove, dining-table, sleeping-berths, and all necessary arrangements for comfortable journeying.

LARGE numbers of Chinese are arriving at British Columbia ports from China. They are not destined to remain in Canada, but are taking this means of smuggling themselves into the United States at the boundary dividing that Province from Washington Territory. They have to pay the fifty-dollar tax per head on landing, which they willingly do, with the prospect of getting into the United States before them.

THE annual report of Governor West of Utah Territory estimates its population at 210,000, an increase of about 60,000 since 1880. The assessed taxable valuation is stated to be \$46,379,73, an increase of about \$11,000 during the year. The manufacturing industries of the Territory are said to be in a satisfactory condition, and taken as a whole, the year has been a progressive and prosperous one for Utah. The mineral product is given at \$7,637,729, of which \$6,976,884 was silver.

THE reported attempt on the life of the Czar of Russia, last week, is now declared to have been an accidental smash-up. The imperial train ran off the track in a gorge between Taranvoka and Borki. The dining-car in which the imperial couple were breakfasting was smashed into splinters, but they emerged from the debris unharmed. Twenty-four people were killed and nearly as many wounded, but there were no fatalities in the Czar's saloon. The Czar assisted in the removal of the dead and injured, and invited the survivors to dinner.

ENGLAND is likely to be deeply agitated by the question of the secularization of the public schools. Sectarian schools now receive about \$10,000,000 annually from the Treasury. The report of the Royal Commission on Education, a body which contained, besides Cardinal Manning, a preponderant number of Church of England dignitaries and sympathizers, now proposes to levy on the rates and taxes as well for the support of these sectarian schools, up to the amount of \$2.50 for every scholar in average attendance. The whole Nonconformist body is up in arms against this proposal, and a big education conference is called for November 20th to fight it tooth and nail.



LORD SACKVILLE-WEST.
FROM THE LATEST PHOTO.



MISS AMELIA WEST.
PHOTO. BY BELL.



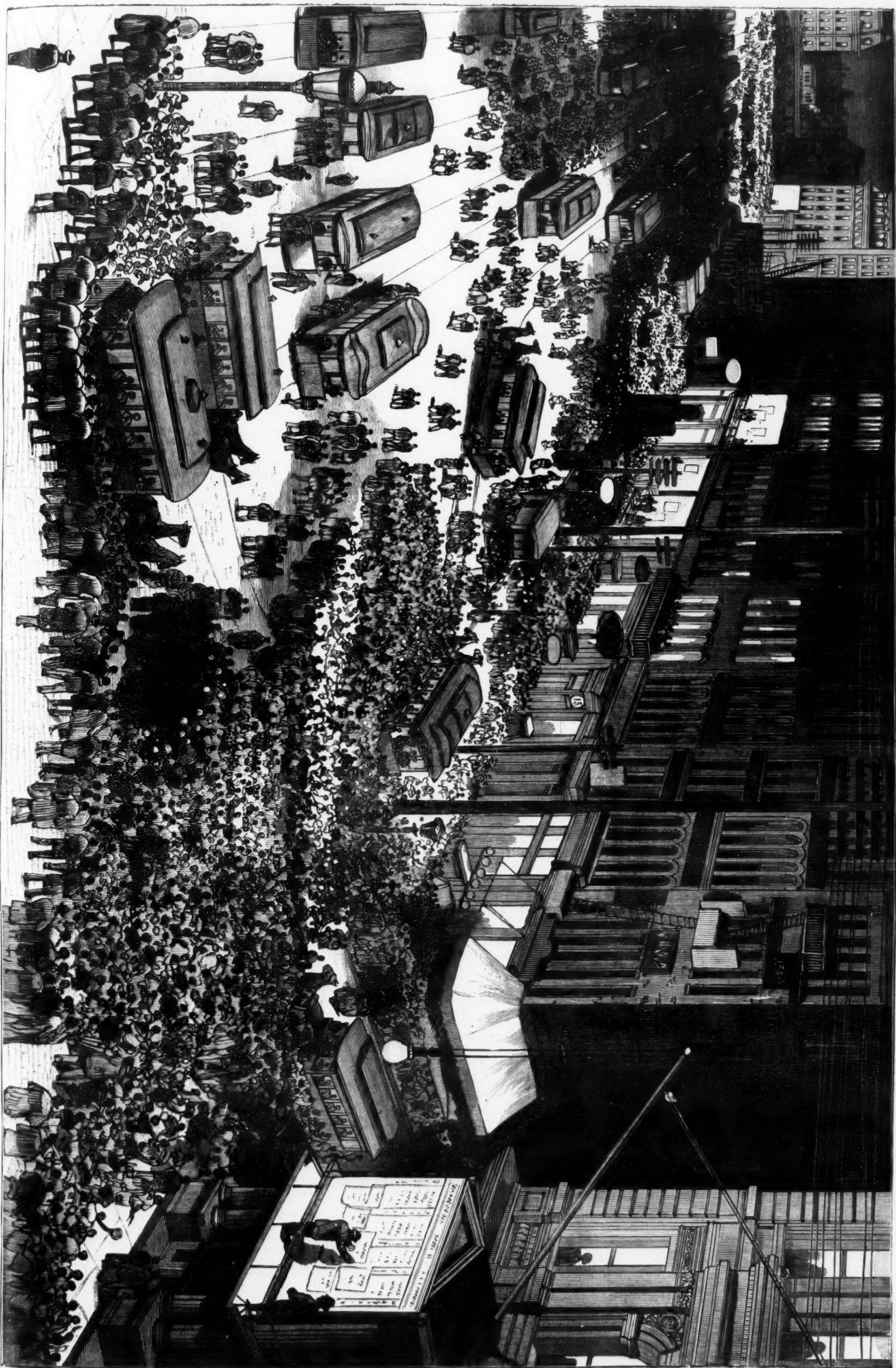
MISS VICTORIA WEST.
PHOTO. BY BELL.



MRS. FLORA WEST SALANSON.
PHOTO. BY BELL.



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND SECRETARY BAYARD IN CONFERENCE ON THE OFFICIAL "STATEMENT" OF THE CASE.
WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE SACKVILLE-WEST AFFAIR—DISMISSAL OF THE INDISCREET MINISTER AS NO LONGER "ACCEPTABLE TO THIS GOVERNMENT"—SCENES AND INCIDENTS
WITH PORTRAITS OF THE LEGATION HOUSEHOLD.
FROM PHOTOS AND SKETCHES—SEE PAGE 203.



For Dayber's Echo:

THE
ROMANCE OF A MAD RACE.BY
CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE,AUTHOR OF
"THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING YEARS," "OF
TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.CHAPTER VII.—THE TRAGEDY AT VALLEY PARK
CROSSING.

WHEN Prince Prettyman was fairly outside Mrs. Pillah's house he had an almost uncontrollable desire to return. He wished he had opened the door leading from the room in which he had held his interview with that lady a little more suddenly. He was sorry that he had not glanced into the room across the hall. The more he tried to think calmly of the matter, the more he found it impossible to do so. He could not shake off the horrible impression that some one had watched Mrs. Pillah and himself as they talked, and had listened to the story he had told her.

Remarkable as it may seem, he did not think of the doctor in this connection at all. If he had confided his secrets and his fears to any one, and that person had suggested the possibility of Dr. Peter Pillah's having been present, he would have dismissed the idea as too preposterous for a moment's consideration. No; the one who had listened—he began to put it in that way, as though he were sure some one had listened—must have been only a servant. But he could not know the character of the face that had been pressed against the door; he could not know the character nor age of the listener; he could not even know the sex of the one who had learned the most sacred secrets of himself and the woman through whose greed he plotted to find vengeance.

He would have been glad to go back and see Mrs. Pillah again, for he could not feel that their bargain was quite satisfactorily settled, notwithstanding the oath she had taken, but, to tell the truth, he did not dare to do so. Suppose he should meet the eavesdropper at her door, when he rang the bell, and read the servant's knowledge in a surprised and telltale face? He didn't like to feel responsible for what might happen.

All this made Prince restless, very restless. He hated to leave New York, yet scarcely dared to remain there. He tried to reason with himself, but his other self would not listen to the voice of reason—would or could not. It was strange, sad, pitiful, that this man who had held his own in the rough land of mines, had faced the cruel savages and the still more cruel beasts of the mountains with unshrinking courage, and who had smilingly given himself into the ready hands of the stern vigilantes, to be hanged and buried by them, should find no resting-place nor peace—because the shadow of a doubt and a fear had fallen upon his path. Wandering, wandering, wandering—as if upon him, instead of upon the man he hated, had been laid the curse of Cain.

It is little wonder, after all, that the keenest man in the employ of Smart & Swift found his task a hard one.

There is a theory, held and acted upon by some of the detectives who are the keenest judges of human nature, that the scene of any great event in a man's life has an irresistible fascination and attraction for him, and that, if let alone long enough, he will return of his own accord to the locality of any terrible crime he may have committed, any triumph he may have scored, or any dreadful disaster that may have fallen upon him.

That theory true, the searcher for Prince Prettyman might have gone into waiting at or near Valley Park Academy, after once getting the description of the man with whom he had instructions to have a certain conversation, feeling fairly certain that the interview would be only a matter of more or less time. The astute gentleman who represented Smart & Swift in this affair had some faith in this theory himself, so much, indeed, that he had left a fresh trail, two or three times, when it seemed to be running south, to hurry to Valley Park, or vicinity, and wait for Prince Prettyman. It may be unnecessary to say that the fact that nothing came of these attempts was rather the fault of the hurry of the impatient man who was making a practical application of it, than of the theory itself.

In truth, Prince Prettyman had a strong desire to go down to Valley Park Academy again. And, with a man like Mr. Prettyman, desire is only another name for the event he considers. He would have gone much sooner than he did, had he not gotten the unpleasant feeling into his mind that he was being followed—followed by some one who was keen and tireless and patient.

But Prince meant to see Valley Park Academy again. And he did!

Previous to finally setting out to go there, he had a long and interesting debate with himself as to what he should do about his proposition to Mrs. Pillah. We haven't time, nor is there need, to follow him through all the suggestions he made to himself, nor to listen to all the arguments he advanced *pro* and *con*. Suffice it to say that he finally executed a deed, conveying the Valley Park Academy to two lawyers—the gentlemen he employed to do his business for him, and to assist him with their advice—but not in any other sense than as a trust, binding them to reconvey the same to Mrs. Della Pillah, of New York city, at such a time, after his death, as she should convince them by satisfactory legal proofs that such a lawful separation existed between herself and Dr. Peter Pillah as would make it impossible for him to set up and maintain any claim to Valley Park Academy, or any part thereof, or any interest therein, or to any advantage appertaining to or coming from the ownership of Valley Park Academy. He resolutely reserved the right to convey Valley Park

Academy to Mrs. Della Pillah at any time during his own lifetime, should he choose so to do, but left any other disposal of it impossible under the terms of this deed of trust. Having satisfactorily settled the legal aspect of the case, he told himself that he must be content to leave the moral part of it to Mrs. Pillah, and her regard for her oath.

Having duly signed and sealed his deed of trust, and paid the Messrs. Grumbler & Sweet for their services, Prince Prettyman picked up the deed, folded it, and put it in his pocket.

"You're not going to carry that away with you, are you?" demanded Grumbler.

"Of course I am."

"But we cannot carry out the provisions of this document unless we have the document itself, or legal evidences of its existence. It has not been recorded. Once lost or destroyed, and it might as well never have been made."

"I know it."

"What do you mean, then, by acting in this way? You come here, pretending you want to propose a trust in us. We take time to make out all the necessary documents, and to make them strong and binding. And then you pick up the key to the whole business, put it in your pocket, and calmly announce that you are going to carry it away with you," growled Grumbler.

"He's paid us for all our services, present and prospective, sir," suggested Sweet, "including the deeding of Valley Park Academy to Mrs. Pillah. If he chooses to carry away the deed with him, it is surely no concern of ours; if he makes up his mind, sometime in the future, to destroy it unrecorded, we who have been liberally paid already for all that we could ever be called upon to do in the matter certainly need not complain; if it continues to exist, and goes on record, well and good. We shall find it easy to determine the then status of this claim of Mrs. Pillah, through us, when the notice of his death, which Mr. Prince Prettyman has promised to direct shall be sent to us, shall arrive."

Grumbler expressed some inaudible comment upon this, but Prettyman and Sweet prevailed. Prettyman took his deed of trust away with him in his pocket.

It was near the middle of August. Prince Prettyman was sure he had eluded all pursuit. Even though the morrow, or the day after that, should show that there was some one following him, and even though he should find it necessary to grant that possible, though shadowy, some one an interview—or hurry away to the north again, in order to avoid him—for to-night he was care-free. To-night he knew that pursuit, if there were any, was baffled and beaten. To-night, any one who came to him would come to an accidental meeting; he was sure of that.

He had come to the great river from the east, instead of from the west, which was the side upon which the Valley Park Academy and the city a mile and a half below it were situated. He had come by land, instead of by the river itself. He had come by way of rugged and almost barren farming land for fully half his afternoon, and had been threading his way through swampy lowlands for some hours.

An hour ago he had called at the lonely cabin of some one who found it pleasant, or convenient, to live in the desolation of stunted forest and dead water which bounded the river on that side, and had paid liberally for information, and for the use of a certain rowboat, the location of which, hidden in a thicket on the bank, had been explained to him with the most careful attention to details.

And now, in the soft glory of a brilliant Southern night, he stood on the river-bank, looking down into the boat which was moored almost at his feet, and across to where the buildings of Valley Park Academy could be dimly seen in the distance.

The river was broad here, possibly as much as two miles across, and the view he had of the treasure around which centred all his hopes of revenge was not as vivid and distinct as he could wish. He would row out into the silent river, and get a nearer look. Perhaps he would go clear across, and float past the institution, whose owner might hope to own Dayber's Echo some day. It was even possible that he might land, and talk for a quarter of an hour with Professor Vincent Basle.

A great steamer came up the river, puffing and snorting and sending out great gushes of light from its frequently opened furnace-doors. It passed on, further and further up the river, turned the last bend he could see, and was swallowed up in the blackness of the river and the night. The waves from its heavy wheels beat and quivered among the reeds and grasses at his feet, for a little, and set his boat lazily acock; but this was not for long; soon all was as still and silent as it had been before the steamer intruded upon the unearthly silence and loneliness of the night.

A sound, far and faint, came stealing across the water. He sat down upon the bank, his feet in the boat, and listened. It was the voice of singers, two of them; lovers no doubt, singing sweetly some pathetic thing in which the shortness of this life and the inevitableness of death were the words of the song and the soul of the melody. It grew lower, fainter, further away, and died into the silence of which the clear voices had so touchingly sung.

Some night-bird came flitting through the air, and settled down with a sharp cry near at hand. Some beast of the wilderness crept through the undergrowth near him, plunged into the water, and swam away. Little things like these broke the silence, from time to time, only to make it seem the greater. The man stepped into the boat, seated himself, started to unfasten it and take the oars; but changed his mind, and let his head fall forward while the spirit of the night found its way to his soul. He went back, in memory, to his childhood; he walked again by the side of the maiden who had loved him in the days of his young manhood; he followed her once more as

they walked through the dreary rain to lay her in her grave; he saw himself in the mines, amid all sorts of hardships and dangers, but always true and kind and honest; he met Royal Noble, again, and listened in memory's halls to the specious words of temptation that fell from his lips; once more he seemed to sit in the rugged mountain-path, the snowy dome of a kingly peak almost above his head, while he waited for—

A sudden sound, far away in the swampy borders of the great river, interrupted him, and brought him back to the present. A weary sigh broke from his lips, and he cried, plaintively: "Oh, my God!"

Will it astonish you to be told that the fascination I have mentioned lured Dr. Peter Pillah to the scene of the most brutal and cowardly act he had ever been known to have a part in? That when he had stooped over his wife and given her the kiss of treachery he could hardly wait for a decent leave-taking before he hurried away to take the first train which would start him on his journey to Dayber's Lane? That at Dayber's Lane he was restless and troubled, until he told himself there was only one way in which to cure himself—a dangerous one—despite the years which had passed—but still a way which must be pursued, since he knew of no other? That he had taken the journey to California, going by the shortest and most direct route? That he had given a day or two to a journey into the mountains? That he had stood in a dazed state of fascination beneath the tree, old and dead and decaying now, from which he had helped swing an almost innocent man, so that he might go free and safe and unsuspected himself? That he had mused over a shallow hollow, close to a tiny mound, with neither of which had time seemed to have had destructive work to do, where once upon a time he had helped bury the man who had greater reason—or at least knew greater reason—for hating him than any other man who had ever lived? That he had hurried back again, as fast as steam could draw him? And that he had said "business" to any who were interested enough to inquire why he had been absent for so long from Dayber's Lane? If this does not astonish you, you will not be surprised at being asked to go with me on a journey with Peter Pillah to the property he so firmly meant to buy—the property on which he could surely make the ownership of Dayber's Echo depend—the property on which he fears the possession of Dayber's Echo may sometime be made to depend—against his will and in spite of it.

He took an unusual way in going, though he could hardly have said why. He did not go by the river. He did not approach his destination from the side on which there were the most inhabitants in this particular latitude which marked the location of Valley Park Academy. He did not fear to meet Prince Prettyman, though perhaps he would not have gone much out of his way for the purpose of meeting him. He did not shun observation. Possibly he had a sentimental desire to look across the wide waste of waters to the dimly seen land he might never possess, and to dream bitterly of the toil and time he had given to the pursuit of the unattainable, and the love he had given to the heartless woman who had not hesitated to sell his every hope and affection for a possibility of the possession of the cursed estate on which she had set her heart.

It was an evening in August. The tropical night was perfect. Above, the heavens seemed limitless. Below, the soil was damp and noisome; the ways were crooked and intricate; the waters which bordered his path, and ever and anon turned him aside, were foul and dead. It seemed natural to him to walk thus, and he started from more than one reverie wondering if he was repeating some strange experience of a long-forgotten past—a past, possibly, which antedated his birth into so hard and unsatisfactory a world as this.

He dismissed the idea as absurd. He decided that the dark and crooked and evil which had characterized his whole life were the only reminders which made this journey seem so old while being new. He glanced up at the heavens—so clear and radiant—so different from the world around him. He smiled at the contrast. He had had little to do with things above him for many, many long years. He nerved himself, even in the silence and the solitude, to say he didn't care.

He came out in sight of the river, and caught his breath sharply at the distant view of Valley Park Academy, seen across the water.

On he came, tramping down everything in his way, as he had been in the habit of doing his whole life long.

A deep sigh broke the stillness. A fearfully familiar voice cried aloud: "Oh, my God!"

He advanced a dozen yards further, and stood as if transfixed.

Peter Pillah and Prince Prettyman stood face to face again!

"Shall I kill him where he stands? Can I do it? Is the risk worth my while to take?" That was the question that sprang up in the heart of the doctor as he faced the man he had so cruelly wronged.

And the answering question in Prince Prettyman's breast was: "Shall I take the risk? Can I do for him what he meant to do for me? Shall I kill him where he stands?"

They were alone together in the wilderness. To the east, there were miles of swamps between them and the possibility of interruption. To the west, there were almost seven hundred rods between them and the possibility of help for the person against whom the chances of battle should go, or of justice to the victor. A cry for help might ring out unheard for ninety and nine times, and the listener to the hundredth wild appeal might be pardoned for putting it to the account of some frightened beast or bird.

It was not an unfitting place for a duel without

seconds or surgeons—a duel to the death—a duel with only the eye of God to see what happened, and with only His strong hand to keep the combatants to the ways of fair fighting. For a little, there was every prospect of these men killing one another there, in which event their bones might have lain there, unburied, for a generation. In the interests of our story—I am glad they took a sober second thought each. In the interests of humanity—I haven't as much as that to say.

Much may be thought in a short time; much may be done. Much was.

"I know that he hates me, that he desires to injure me to the utmost extent of his power, and that he has asked my wife to give me up in return for what he can give. But he does not know that I know any of these things. I can ignore the fact that I had anything to do with organizing the pursuit which was so unfortunate as not to hang him thoroughly; I can pretend to be glad to see him here, alive and well. As for killing him, I can better afford to do that when I know how much he has done for Della Pillah, how much he intends to do for her, and how much he can be bribed or frightened into doing for me."

That was about the substance of the doctor's thoughts. And he held out his hand frankly.

Prince Prettyman's thoughts took about this form:

"He doesn't know the bargain I have made with his wife. He never will, until it is too late for it to do him any good, for I am sure she will never tell him. He knows that I own Valley Park Academy, of course, for he would only have to consult the county records to find the true and correct copy of my deed; but he has no means of knowing that I purchased it in order to keep it for ever from him; his most natural supposition would be that I mean to make him pay a good price; he has no reason for thinking the case is a more serious one for him. He doesn't know that I understand that his treachery delivered me into the hands of the vigilantes—he needn't know it; I can pretend, if the question arises, that I don't, but that he did all he could for me, and I can assure him that it was right for him to save himself when simple silence would do it. As for killing him—I don't want to do that; the punishment I am planning for him is something beside which death would be merciful." And he took Pillah's hand and pressed it warmly.

"You're undoubtedly astonished to see me here—and alive?" questioned Prettyman.

"Not at all. I heard long ago that you escaped with your life. I meant all the time that you should."

"I knew it, old fellow."

"Yes, indeed. I hurried the cutting of you down. I saw that the grave was a shallow one. I—"

Prince Prettyman gave a great gasp. Had he lived in the belief that Peter Pillah was his deadliest foe, all these years, only to find this the truth at last? Had he?

He leaned forward. He looked the physician straight in the eyes. The eyes did not fall, fail nor falter, but they revealed the man, all the same. Hardened as he was, Prince Prettyman turned away sick at heart; the doctor was deliberately lying to him.

"You were very kind," said Prince.

"I suppose I ought to have been, after all you'd done for me. Don't you think so?"

"I do."

"Speaking of those old times, I suppose you know that the succession to Dayber's Echo is bound up in the ownership of that piece of property yonder?"

"Yes."

"You own it?"

"Yes."

"Bought it as a speculation, I suppose?"

"Of course. Do you think I can get as much out of it as I have planned to?"

"I don't see why you shouldn't. What is your price?"

Prince Prettyman evaded the question, and still he spoke the truth. He enjoyed listening to the words of double meaning fall slowly from his lips. Imagine, if you can, the suppressed fury of the man who listened to them, and knew exactly what they meant.

"I don't think money could buy this bit of land, Royal Noble; indeed, I'm sure it couldn't. You know there are some things in this world which are dearer to a man than any amount of money could possibly be. You and I were very intimate in those old days, very. I have some memories of you that I never had of any other man, no, nor of any woman. You need this property; it can bring you no more good than it can bring any other man; without it, Dr. Pillah, your whole life will be more than a failure. Do you wonder that I hurried here to buy it? Do you wonder that it would have made me miserable to have found you here ahead of me? It's only a little piece of ground, Dr. Pillah, and it only cost me four thousand five hundred dollars. Let me see, there's a chance that something more than a million may depend on it, isn't there? Shall we now row across the river, Royal Noble, and have a look at it?"

The doctor bowed. He couldn't have trusted himself to speak. And Mr. Prettyman did not surmise the state of mind into which he had thrown his antagonist; he was laughing to himself at what he imagined was his fine and unsuspected bit of humor.

The two men entered the boat. The doctor, a little quicker this time than the wolfish miner, got in first, and took the oars. He was full of a feverish excitement. He doubted if he could have endured sitting in the stern with nothing to do but steer.

Prince Prettyman loosened the boat. He stepped in. He took the tiller-ropes. The doctor dipped the blades into the water, and pulled vigorously out from the bank.

He rowed steadily, with quick, strong strokes, until there was a half-mile between them and the shore. Then he stopped suddenly, only taking an occasional stroke or two to keep the boat from drifting down the river, and began to talk.

It was a queer conversation that those two men had, drifting slowly down the river for a time, to be quickly pulled up again after a little, and a little further to the west—always further to the west.

They talked of the night, the river, the sky—much as men in more peaceful times and seasons converse about the weather. They spoke of the past, of the times when they had lived together in the rude mining town of Golden Slope. The present and the past pretty fully discussed, they even ventured to speculate regarding the future—did these two men whose hands had met in simulated friendship—these men whose voices were low and calm and even, but in whose hearts was a tigerish thirst, each for the other's blood.

They talked guardedly, though they lied freely and with a reckless abandon which seemed to negative any such old-fashioned and obsolete ideas as those of death and a judgment. God's domed heavens did not bend, that night, over a stranger scene than that of these two men sitting peacefully together in the boat, and talking so calmly of things which made one another's blood boil with fury; even the horror which the future—the immediate future—held was less strange than this forced and paradoxical friendship.

A listener might have thought the conversation something of a bore; it fell to the dead level of the prosaic, sometimes; and when it rose higher it verged upon the sentimental. But a listener would have been in error; each man was playing with words, and full of a scarcely half hidden and wholly unholly glee at what he was doing. His talk was one blaze of humor and insinuation and double entendre, with now and then a cruel thrust, keen as cold steel. Either one would have started in horror at the idea that the other understood his meaning as well as he understood that of the other.

They were in the middle of the river now. The banks on either hand were far away and indistinct. They seemed ghostly and unreal. It was easy to believe that they were out of the world—and done with it. Perhaps one was!

A sound boomed across to them from a distance. It was the bell in the clock-tower in the church a mile and a half below Valley Park Academy, striking the hour of midnight.

(To be continued.)

MOORISH AGRICULTURE.

IN the course of a report recently laid before Parliament on the agriculture of Morocco, the British Consul at Tangier remarks on the prejudice of the Government against the exportation of grain, which is carried to such an extent that shipments between two Moorish ports are not allowed. The ground of the prohibition is that the price of bread, which forms almost the only food of the poorer classes, would rise so as to bring the people to the verge of starvation. There are no roads properly so called, and therefore the transport of grain by land is very expensive, so that the price varies greatly in districts comparatively close to each other. The quantity of seed sown in each district is only what is judged sufficient for the wants of the immediate neighborhood, and when the season is good the crop will sometimes not repay the cost of cutting. Within sight of Europe, and only four or five days by sea from London, the Consul has seen fields of corn abandoned because they would not be worth the cost of harvesting. In the Tangier district much of the land is Government property, being held by a kind of military tenure; near the towns and among the hill tribes, mosques and other religious institutions have considerable endowments in real property which have been bequeathed to them; many Moors also own large properties, but a considerable portion of the land is held by small farmers on a description of metayer tenure, one-quarter of the crop being paid to the landlord. Labor is paid on the same system, the plowman receiving a fifth of the crop, a certain quantity of corn for food while working, and a pair of shoes. For this pay he plows the land, tends a pair of oxen, sows, reaps and threshes. When there is a heavy yield of corn, and speed in harvesting is desirable, the custom is to call all the villagers in for one day to do the work without pay. The price of agricultural labor is about ninepence a day for men and half that for women. Native farmers are averse to manuring the ground, alleging that it only causes the crop to be choked by weeds. Rotation of crops is practiced, barley, peas, beans and lentils alternating in dry ground; wheat, beans, millet and maize on colder ground. In former years Moors used to take a pride in breeding good horses, and certain localities were celebrated for the excellence of their breeds. But the art appears to be now lost. The ideal barb is scarcely to be met with, but there are still numbers of really good horses in the country. Wealthy Moors will pay a higher price for a fine mule than for a good horse. Camels are the pack animals, and donkeys for lighter loads.

FOREIGNERS LEARNING AMERICAN SECRETS.

A NAVAL officer to-day (writes a Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore American*), while speaking about the presence of foreigners in the navy, told the following story: "I was sent to Europe, not long ago, on an important errand, and it became my duty to form the acquaintance of foreign naval officers, in order to accomplish certain ends I had in view. I met many of them at dinners, receptions and entertainments, and was surprised to find out how well they were informed on American naval affairs. I had occasion to go to Kiel, Germany, for the purpose of visiting the dockyards there. I felt sure that my credentials would admit me to inspect the place, but they did not. I tried a little game of getting the desired pass, by reaching the officials through the use of wines and fine dinners. One day a fine-looking German officer met me as I was coming out of my hotel. 'Hello,' said he, slapping me on the shoulder, 'have you got in yet?' He spoke such pure English that for a moment or so I was nonplused."

"No," I replied. "Will you get me in?" "I can't," and thereupon he remarked: "It is easier to get into your yards than ours."

"I looked at the officer intently, and found by his uniform that he was the chief naval constructor, and the man of all men in the German navy that I wanted to meet."

"Will you take a glass of wine with me?" I asked. He consented, and we returned to the hotel.

"After a few minutes' conversation we became quite friendly, and I was surprised at the insight he had of our naval officers. He astonished me by inquiring about certain officers who were at the Brooklyn Navy Yard during the late war. I could not restrain my curiosity, and I asked him: 'How did you become acquainted with the officers?'"

"The story is a short one," he replied. "When the war broke out in 1861, I was in the German navy, and I received orders to go to America and study your methods of building ships and getting guns ready for use. When I got to New York my dress was that of a plain German mechanic. I got work as a carpenter and ship-joiner under a fictitious name, and in a short time I got used to the nickname 'Dutchey.' Nobody knew me, and my curious questions were never suspected, and the workmen readily and in a good-humored way answered them. I helped to build and repair ships, and in time got hold of much information. I made plans of the vessels, machinery, guns, rigging, and, in fact, got on to everything. I worked hard at night in my room, and kept my Government as well posted as I could. The more English I learned the better I understood things that the workmen said in my hearing. I worked on the big ship *Dunderberg*, also on the *Merrimac*, at Norfolk, and on some of the monitors. I sent much valuable information home. Now you see the reason why you can't get into our yard."

"The narrative was straightforward, and was so full of facts concerning men and affairs, that I readily saw how the German naval constructor got on to my visit, and, although I tried to convince him to the contrary, he was not to be hoodwinked. I know where Kiel is, and that it has a dockyard, but I'll have to go to Kiel as a German mechanic before I can get inside of that place. This shows how necessary it is to keep an eye on foreigners in our navy yards if we want to keep our secrets."

ITALY'S IRONCLADS.

THE heavy ironclads of Italy now form a tremendous array. They include the *Duilio* and *Dandolo*, of over 11,000 tons displacement, each carrying four 100-ton guns and making fifteen knots speed; the *Andrea Doria*, the *Ruggiero de Lauria*, and the *Francesco Morisini*, also of about 11,000 tons displacement, carrying each four 106-ton guns and making sixteen knots; the *Italia* and the *Lepanto*, of nearly 13,900 tons displacement, carrying four 110-ton guns each, making eighteen knots; the *Ré Umberto*, and two more of the same class, the *Sicilia* and *Sardegna*, yet to be launched, of 14,000 tons displacement, also making eighteen knots. It is the combination of heavy-battery power, heavy armor and high speed in these battle-ships that makes them remarkable. Their draught would keep them out of many harbors. In the *Ré Umberto*, *Sicilia* and *Sardegna* the crown of the deck has been raised higher above the water-level than in their predecessors, and there are a great many water-tight compartments.

Italy's love for enormous armorclads has not prevented her from giving attention to fast unarmored vessels, of which she has some of the best in the world. Three of the most famous are the *Dogali*, 2,200 tons displacement, and the *Vesuvio* and *Etna*, 3,530 each, which are nineteen-knot vessels. These are already built, and there are building two more of the *Vesuvio* type, called the *Stromboli* and *Fieramosco*, and four more of the *Dogali* type, making nine vessels of this high speed. She has also three small twenty-knot vessels built—the *Tripoli* and *Gozo* of 741 tons displacement, and the *Folgore* of 317—besides seven more of the *Tripoli* type building, and five more of the *Folgore*, making fifteen in all. Four of about the *Tripoli*'s size, the *Andrea*, *Provenc* and *Sebastian Veniere*, 649 tons displacement, and the *Archimede* and *Galileo*, 784, make eighteen knots. More important is the *Giovanni Bausan*, of 3,000 tons and seventeen knots, besides two smaller vessels of that speed, while half a dozen, varying from about 1,400 to 2,800 tons displacement, make fifteen or sixteen knots.

ELECTIONS IN FRANCE.

ELECTIONS in France are all held on one day, and that day always a Sunday, in order that artisans and peasants may vote without inconvenience or loss. No man, moreover, has more than a single vote, and should he happen to be on the register of two constituencies, he would incur a heavy penalty by voting in both. This is a logical corollary of universal suffrage. A man does not vote as a householder or owner, but as a citizen; and residence, not property or tax-paying, is the sole qualification.

He goes some days before or on the day of the poll to the Mairie with a rent receipt or some other document establishing his identity, obtaining a card, which he hands in with his voting paper to the poll clerk. So many cards, so many voting papers; and frauds are occasionally detected by a discrepancy in the number of each. The vote is not really secret. Outside the polling-places (usually the municipal school) stand men offering printed voting papers, ready to be dropped into the urn without any cross or tick. These agents are so zealous in proffering their wares that the elector commonly accepts them all, and as he walks up the corridor, flings down all but the one he intends to use. The result is that as the day advances the ground or floor is thickly strewn with these rejected papers.

Newspapers, moreover, contain, just before the election, a row of voting papers, which have simply to be cut off and be ready for use. The only condition is that there must be nothing printed on the back. The elector walks up to the desk with the paper simply folded, hands it to the clerk, and the latter immediately drops it into the urn.

MEASUREMENTS OF CRANIA.

"SCIENCE" says: "Under the direction of Dr. Matthews and Mr. Tracy, of the Army Medical Museum, a series of measurements of skulls is being made. About one hundred skulls, representing different nationalities, were selected from the three thousand which constitute the museum's collection, and a series of sixty linear measurements are made upon these in addition to measurements of certain angles and the ascertainment

of the capacity of each skull. These measurements are mostly made upon lines of former ones, in order to preserve a uniformity of data, although many of them are considered of little or no value. A few new measurements are made, which, it is believed, will prove important. The measurements, together with descriptions of the skulls, will be published as a part of the Catalogue of the Army Medical Museum which is contemplated.

"It is not expected that any important conclusions will be reached as a result of the work above described. No fact has been better established than that the size of the brain or the shape of the skull has nothing to do with the mental capacity of the person. The causes of difference of intelligence must be sought elsewhere. It is possible that the measurements, if carried far enough, may tend to the establishment of distinct types of crania, and aid in their classification.

"The Army Medical Museum collection of crania is in many respects a very interesting one, and that of Eskimo skulls is the largest yet made, while the department is especially rich in other aboriginal American crania. A recent accession of Peruvian skulls contains some curious specimens, especially of deformities. These were generally caused by bandaging and the binding of boards to the head, and a great variety of shapes was produced. Nothing is known as to the significance of these deformities. Whether they were distinguishing marks of different ranks in society or of the special rank of the individual, or were simply a custom, is a mystery."

NEW FACES AT THE GERMAN COURT.

THE whole Court at Berlin is said to be entirely composed of new people. The friends and *personnel* of the late Emperor have disappeared. The Emperor and Empress are surrounded by new faces and people entirely their way of thinking. The Empress had no choice in the matter, having no individuality apart from her husband, who treats her as all Germans of his school treat their wives. She is a mother of future Emperors, and with this any woman should be satisfied. Her babies, her needlework and the small gossip of the Court suffice for her entertainment. She is so absolutely in leading-strings that she reads no books except those recommended to her by the Court Chaplain, Stoecker. The Emperor has his time entirely engrossed with military matters for the moment, and is quite contented. Those brought into contact with the Court and Court life at Berlin say it is impossible to imagine anything more complete than the effacement of every trace of the late Emperor's influence.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A PARIS firm has produced porous glass for window-panes. The pores are too fine to admit a draught, but they assist in ventilation.

"PROFESSOR ANSCHUTZ," says the *New York Sun*, "has succeeded in getting a photograph of a rifle-bullet traveling at the rate of 1,300 feet a second, the plate which he used for the purpose being exposed for only 0.000076 of a second."

COUGHING and sneezing can be stopped by pressing on the nerves of the lips in the neighborhood of the nose. Pressing in the neighborhood of the ear, or pressing very hard on the top of the mouth, inside, is also a means of stopping coughing. The will has immense power also.

MR. EDISON has, it is stated, devised a doll with a small photograph inside, which talks when the handle is turned. The photograph is placed in a receptacle within the chest of the doll, and the handle protrudes. When it is turned the words appear to issue from the doll's mouth. Edison has also devised a clock which announces the time by speaking, the talking-apparatus being, of course, a phonograph.

THE Chicago Art Institute has finally decided on the opening of the galleries Sundays. The inclination of the trustees has been practically unanimous in favor of this for some time, but as another set of employees would have to be provided, the financial aspect of the question compelled delay. That was settled by the offer of J. W. Ellsworth to pay the new expense for one year. Admission will be free, and the time from one o'clock in the afternoon until five.

ACCORDING to *Cassell's Magazine*, a new drug of great value has recently appeared in the market. It consists of powder jambul-seeds—the seeds of a plant, *Syzygium jambolanum* or *Eugenia jambolana*, found in various parts of India, the Mauritius, Ceylon and the United States of Colombia. It has been well tested by the medical faculty in England, Germany and the United States, and is said to be a promising remedy in all cases of diabetes. The action of the drug is to prevent formation of sugar in the system, and so to stay waste; and cases are on record showing that under its influence the special restrictive diet so obnoxious to diabetes patients can be dispensed with.

C. V. BOYS gives an account of some very interesting experiments in the production of the finest threads of glass and other materials. The most remarkable threads he has found are those of quartz. Of these he says: "As torsion threads, these fibres of quartz would seem to be more perfect in their elasticity than any known; they are as strong as steel, and can be made of any reasonable length, perfectly uniform in diameter, and, as already explained, exceedingly fine (i. e., 'beyond the power of any possible microscope'). The tail ends of those that become invisible must have a moment of torsion of 100,000,000 times less than ordinary spun glass; and, though it is impossible to manipulate with those, there is no difficulty with threads less than 0.00001 part of an inch in diameter."

A PHILADELPHIA inventor has secured a patent on a new adaptation of the nickel automatic slot machine which is intended to be placed in churches. The machines are of a design very appropriate to church architecture, and there are two slots and two openings at the bottom of the machine, and by placing a nickel in one of the slots a small hymn-book will drop down through the opening into a tray. A nickel dropped into the other slot will produce, by similar action, a prayer-book. The machines are constructed so that the sexton can readily replace the book after service. The patentee offers to supply the outfit, books and all, and divide the profits with the church. He argues that at every service there are many strangers who would willingly contribute ten cents for the use of the books, and it is no more than just that such persons should contribute towards the expense of the church. In a church suitably located, he claims, the revenue derived would be very large.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

CARDINAL NEWMAN is seriously ill.

SENATOR DAWES of Massachusetts celebrated his seventy-second birthday on the 30th ult.

DANIEL HAND's noble gift of \$1,000,000 for the education of colored people in the South will educate 500 pupils a year.

SENATOR BECK is at the country residence of Major Goodloe, near Washington, convalescing from his recent illness.

A WATCH has been presented to Mrs. Cleveland on behalf of 350 girls employed in a Philadelphia watchcase factory as a specimen of their handicraft.

COUNT VON MOLTKE, the famous German general, whose health has been failing gravely during the Autumn, intends to pass the Winter in Wiesbaden.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has appointed Spencer B. Newbury and Rush C. Hawkins, of New York, to be assistants to the United States Commissioner General to the Paris Exposition.

M. COQUELIN, the French actor, lectured at Harvard University last week, on "The Art of the Comedian." He read his lecture from the French manuscript, and accompanied it with few gestures.

THE exportation to England, last week, of Mrs. Lucy Parsons, widow of the executed Chicago anarchist, may be regarded as something of a retaliation upon Europe for sending an undesirable emigrant.

THE monument ordered by Mrs. Sheridan for General Sheridan's grave is now being made by a Boston artist. It is of granite, and is very simple in design. It will not be put up over the general's grave until Spring.

CHIEF-JUSTICE FULLER evidently believes in the higher education of women. One of his daughters is taking the collegiate course at Wells College, Mrs. Cleveland's Alma Mater; another is studying music in Europe.

GENERAL ADAM BADEAU having withdrawn his claim that he was a joint author with General Grant in the latter's Memoirs, Mrs. Grant paid him the sum (\$10,000) agreed upon by her late husband for his assistance.

QUEEN NATHALIE has sent a formal protest against the divorce granted to King Milan by the Metropolitan of Belgrade to the Greek Orthodox Synods of Bucharest and Athens, to the Holy Synod of St. Petersburg, and to the Ecumenical Patriarch of Constantinople.

THE Nobel Brothers, the Baku petroleum refiners, spent \$25,000 in entertaining the Czar of Russia during his recent visit there. They presented to the Czarina a diamond bouquet-holder valued at \$10,000. Another rich petroleum firm at Baku spent \$20,000 in honor of the Czar.

THE Geographical Society of Lille has received news from Africa that Henry M. Stanley has been massacred, with all his expedition except two men. The story is discredited by the Emin relief committee, the members of which believe that Stanley is the White Pasha reported to be in the Bahrel-Ghazel Province.

It is estimated that General Harrison, since his nomination, has shaken hands with 110,000 people. Upon this the *Philadelphia Times* remarks: "The movement necessarily used in the act of shaking hands with this immense number would make 660,000 feet, or something more than eleven miles of space traversed by his hand in the campaign."

R. KONDO, of the Mining University of Japan, is said to be the richest Japanese outside of the Mikado and his family. He is the operator of sixteen gold, silver and copper mines, and is about to visit the Lake Superior mining districts in order to get a knowledge of the mining machinery used there. His possessions are estimated at upwards of \$60,000,000.

THE Empress of Austria contemplates a voyage in the West Indies, to be followed by a tour through the United States. The Empress, who is now at Corfu, is suffering tortures from rheumatism of the most acute type, which is quite breaking down her nervous system. She is attended by two lady doctors, who were trained by the celebrated Dr. Metzger, of Amsterdam, and they give her massage treatment every day.

It is asserted that King Milan of Serbia has been obliged to remain at the baths of Gleichenberg for the good and sufficient reason that he has got no money with which to get away. His creditors are holding him for debt, and his noble relatives, the Emperor Francis Joseph especially, do not care to trouble themselves in securing his release, as they have had quite enough experience in the uselessness of advancing him money, which he quickly gambles away.

MAYOR HEWITT of New York, like Lord Sackville, has been victimized in his correspondence. The other day he received a letter whose writer complained "that a gang of thieves and murderers were infesting the block bounded by Centre, Leonard, Elm and White Streets, and that a citizen couldn't go through that block at night." Mr. Hewitt referred the letter to Captain McCallagh with the usual direction. The captain replied that "the charge was true," but added, "that all the thieves and murderers were all under lock and key." They were in the Tombs Prison, whose exact location the Mayor had apparently forgotten.

REV. WILLIAM C. VAN METER, the well-known evangelist and missionary, died on the 1st inst., at Rome, Italy, aged 68 years. Dr. Van Meter was one of the founders of the Howard Mission in New York city forty years ago, and as its superintendent he carried on for twenty-five years the work of rescuing children from the slums and finding Christian homes for them throughout the country. It was largely through his efforts that the notorious Five Points was cleaned out and some of its vile dens replaced by mission-houses. For the past fifteen years Dr. Van Meter has been engaged in missionary school work among the children of Italy.

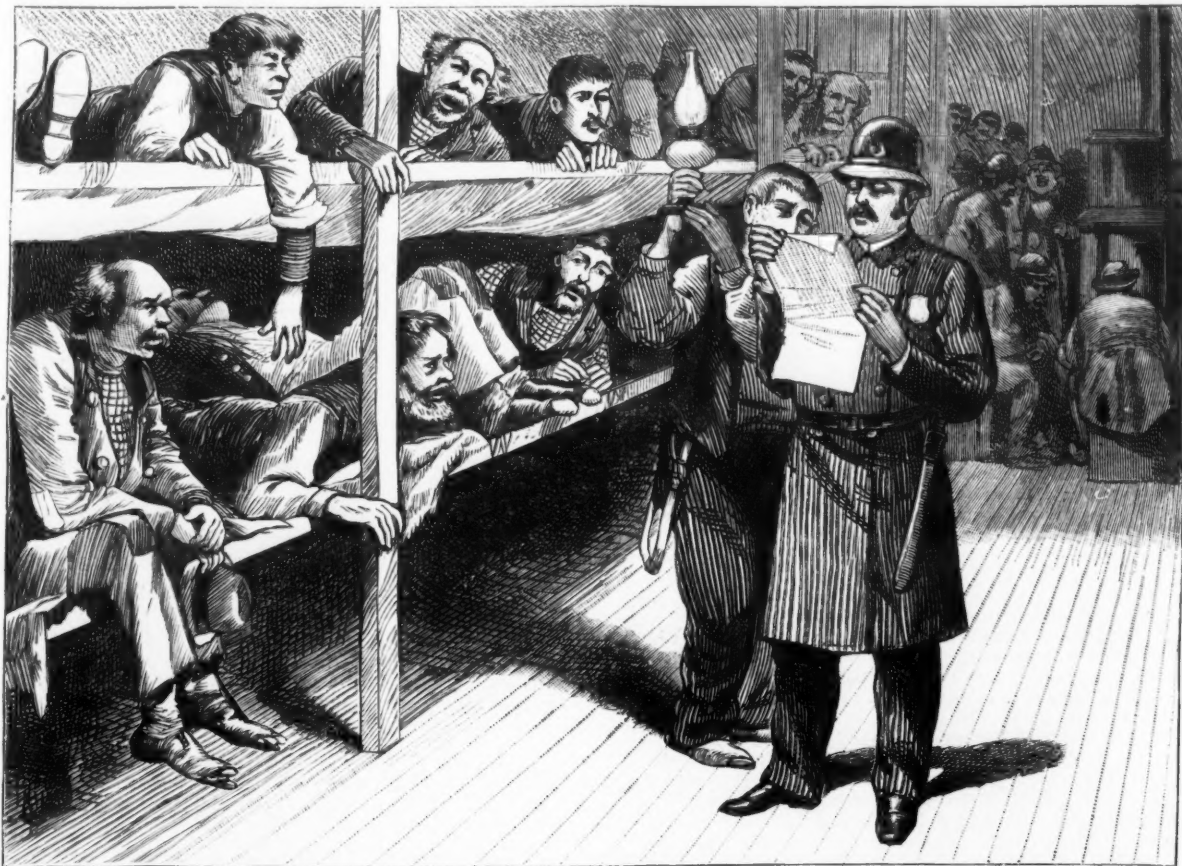
ACCORDING to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, the question whether prohibition can be enforced has been taken in hand at last by a Kansas woman, and it is enforceable. Mrs. Elmer had given the dealer fair warning not to sell Mr. Elmer any more intoxicants. It would have been well for him if he had heeded the warning, but he did not. Mr. Elmer not returning home at night, the law-enforcer took an ax, marched to the saloon, smashed in the door, drove out the awakened barkeeper, hunted up Mr. Elmer, and after completely wrecking the place, gave him a few cuffs and led him home. She then tied him up and gave him a first-class flogging with a horsewhip. This settles the main question; and as neither the saloon nor the women have law or warrant for their proceedings, it must be set down for a case in equity.

ELECTION TIME IN NEW YORK.

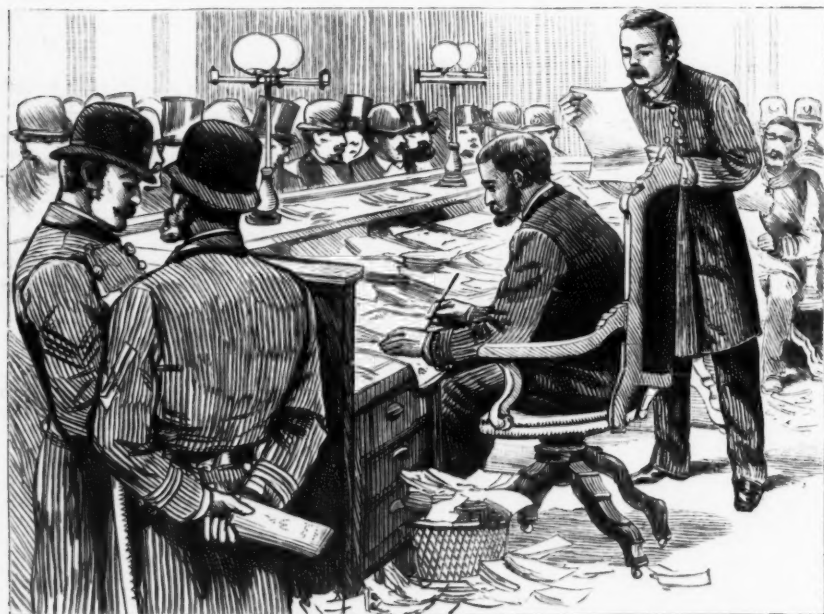
OUR pictorial pages this week are largely given up to the portrayal of the characteristic scenes and outward aspects of political activity in New York city in Presidential-election time. It is here that the political pulse-beat of the whole country is most clearly indicated, and most anxiously watched. Not only is Printing House Square the chief point of confluence of the telegraphic returns from all the States, but the metropolis itself, with its 286,547 registered voters, is equal to a separate State, and holds the balance of the electoral power in its hand. The shifting of a few hundred votes in a single Assembly district may not merely settle the fate of local candidates, but may decide which of the country's two great political parties shall hold the reins of power, and who shall be President of the United States.

The party skirmish-lines have been exceedingly lively for weeks past. The bannered streets and the great public rallying-places have been filled day after day, and night after night, with surging, cheering crowds, listening to brassy music and flamboyant oratory. Often the enemies meet face to face, as in our front-page picture, and then a 'empestuous though good-natured battle ensues. Free Trade and Protection doing their best to drown and stifle one another in howling their respective dogmas. Cart-tail oratory plays a conspicuous and very active, not to say rough-and-tumble, part in the campaigning along the river fronts and East Side districts. An ironclad truck, a hardy team of horses, a reckless driver, some brickbat-proof banners or transparencies, a ton or two of political documents, and a small but determined band of brazen-lunged orators who are quick at repartee and not over-nice in their language—such is the outfit required for meeting the 'longshoreman on his native heath. The encounter is as exciting as an Indian fight, and a great deal funnier.

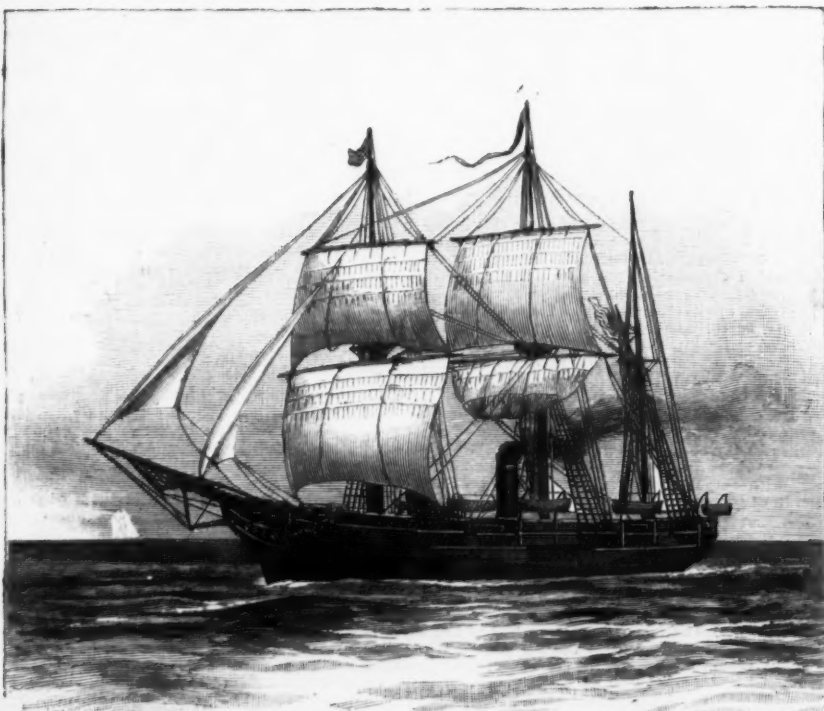
The naturalization mill having ceased grinding out voters on the 26th of October (nearly six thousand foreigners got their papers in the City and County Courts of New York this Fall), the next thing is to scour the denser wards for "colonizers." Strange and suspicious characters appear



INCIDENTS OF AN ELECTION IN NEW YORK CITY.—LOOKING FOR COLONIZERS IN A CHEAP LODGING-HOUSE.



ELECTION INCIDENTS IN NEW YORK CITY.—RECEIVING RETURNS AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.



THE TROUBLES IN HAYTI.—THE UNITED STATES MAN-OF-WAR "KEARSARGE," NOW FITTING UP AT PORTSMOUTH FOR THE PROTECTION OF AMERICAN INTERESTS.

at the places of registration, and names that have been carved for many a year on tombstones now mysteriously turn up on the books. Something has to be done, and the police and other authorities set to work. Last week, Captain McCullagh of the Sixth Precinct applied to Justice Patterson at the Tombs for 251 warrants for the arrest of parties in his precinct alone, whom he had just and sufficient reasons to believe to have registered illegally. His investigation of the books showed that many persons from the numerous lodging-houses in the Bowery and adjoining streets had registered under names not known at the places given as their residences.

When Election Day comes, a terrific twenty-four hours' work has to be put in at each of the 856 polling-places, representing the same number of election districts, into which New York city is divided, the basis of the apportionment being the twenty-four Assembly districts, and not the wards, as is the case in Brooklyn. All the votes have to be polled between the hours of 6 A. M. and 4 P. M. on Election Day, and then counted and the summarized results sent in during the same evening. It is into the Police Headquarters in Mulberry Street that these returns are telegraphed pell-mell. There the reportorial brigade pounces upon them, conjures them into something like intelligible shape, and "wires" the final result down-town to the great newspaper offices in Printing House Square. Here is one mighty glare of electric lights, one vast wilderness of bulletin-boards, one countless multitude of eager men, crowding to catch the returns figure by figure as they are announced—standing, pushing, watching and cheering, until day-break. It is a grand spectacle—one that the world can scarcely parallel.

THE TROUBLES IN HAYTI.

THE seizure of the American steamship 'Haytian Republic' by the Government of Hayti, on the ground that she had on board guns and other contraband goods, was followed by an immediate protest from the owners of the vessel, at whose instance the Government has sent the *Kearsarge* to Port-au-Prince. The owners declare that when the *Haytian Republic* left New York there were no guns or ammunition or any other contraband goods on board for the insurgents or any one else in Hayti. They say it is possible that when the ship touched at the first port on the northern coast of Hayti she took on board a number of Haytians bound for one of the other points at which the vessel stops on her tour along the coast.

These men may have been insurgents, and may have carried arms, and if so the question becomes one simply of what kind of local traffic may be engaged in by the steamers along the Haytian shores. The Haytian consular authorities in New York affirm that while the vessel may not have had contraband goods when she left this port, the taking on of insurgents for transportation from Cape Haytien to St. Marc, or Port-de-Paix, or any other port, was an improper act, and justified her seizure. Whatever may be the facts in the case, it is desirable that, in view of the serious state of affairs in Hayti at the present time, and of the jeopardy in which the lives and property of our citizens are now placed, a man-of-war be sent



AN ELECTION IN NEW YORK CITY.—ARREST OF A REPEATER.

thither immediately, and the Government is to be commended for acting promptly and decisively in the matter.

WAGERED HIS WIFE ON THE ELECTION.

A CORRESPONDENT of the St. Louis *Globe* writes from Nebraska City, Neb.: "Two Swedish farmers, Ole Johnson and Hans Erickson, made a strange bet on the Presidential election to-day. A written agreement was drawn up and placed in the hands of a prominent business man. According to its terms, in the event of Cleveland's election Mr. Johnson forfeits to Mr. Erickson his wife, Johanna, to have and to hold against the lawful claims of any and all persons whatsoever. If, on the other hand, General Harrison is elected, the agreement stipulates that Mr. Johnson shall receive from Mr. Erickson one Jersey cow valued at fifty dollars."

HON. JOHN M. THURSTON,
GENERAL ATTORNEY UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD
COMPANY.

THE portrait given in this issue of Hon. John M. Thurston, of Omaha, is an excellent representation of one of the foremost men in the West. He has long been known as an able lawyer, but it was not until the assembling of the late Republican National Convention in Chicago, when he was made the temporary presiding officer, that he achieved a national reputation as an impressive orator. His speech delivered upon that occasion was one of great power, and elicited rapturous applause from the vast multitude present. Indeed, he was accorded, at its close, an ovation such as few speakers ever receive. He has a strong, clear, penetrating voice, and every word is uttered with the utmost distinctness, and at no time is there any hesitation in his speech for want of a proper term to express his meaning. His command of language is very unusual, while grace and polish mark every sentence. Added to these accomplishments is a splendid presence which at once stamps him as a man of much more than average character, and as a leader of men, instead of a follower.

The record Mr. Thurston has made thus early in

During the recent political campaign Judge Thurston appeared in various parts of the country in the interest of the Republican party, and everywhere he met with a cordial reception from the people, and strengthened his great reputation as an orator. On the night of Wednesday, October 17th, he addressed the largest audience in Chicago ever assembled in that city up to that date to listen to a political speech. Five thousand ladies and gentlemen were crowded into Battery D, and for two hours he held the vast assemblage as eager listeners to his splendid eloquence. The verdict of the Chicago press was that Judge Thurston has but few equals in this country as a finished orator.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S SPANISH RELIC.

ST. AUGUSTINE, our most ancient city, and of late years the favorite Winter resort on the dreamy Florida coast, has two famous attractions which present a remarkable antithesis to one another. One of these attractions consists in the marvelously sumptuous and beautiful hotels that have been opened there during the past year; the other is the gray and crumbling old Fort Marion (the San Marco of Spanish times), of which a picturesque view is here-with given. This fortress, like all the architecture of the old city, is constructed of blocks of the local sea-shell conglomerate, known as coquina. Its construction cost a century of Indian slave labor, and it was completed in 1756. Fort Marion is still in a fair state of preservation, and will accommodate a garrison of 1,000 men.



FLORIDA.—FORT MARION, AT ST. AUGUSTINE, ERECTED BY THE SPANIARDS IN 1756.

life is one not often met with. He has not attained his present great legal eminence on account of favoring circumstances, but it is clearly the result of natural ability and close application to his profession. While he has always taken an active and personal interest in political affairs, he has been thoroughly devoted to the law, and has made everything else subordinate to its pursuit.

Judge Thurston was born in Montpelier, Vt., August 21st, 1847. In 1854 his father's family removed to Madison, Wis., and two years later to Beaver Dam, in the same State, where his widowed mother still resides. As a boy, Mr. Thurston worked on the farm each Summer, and devoted the Winters to study in preparation for college. At the age of sixteen he entered Wayland University, and graduated at twenty. Having decided upon the law as a profession, he entered upon its study, and in May, 1869, was admitted to the Bar in Columbia County, Wis. In October of that year he removed to Omaha, where he has since resided. He has been a member of the City Council, City Attorney, member of the Nebraska Legislature, and a candidate for Judge of the Third Judicial District of the State, and would have been elected to the United States Senate two years ago, to succeed Senator Van Wyck, had not Senator Manderson been a resident of Omaha, which, as before stated, is the residence of Judge Thurston. As it was, he had a strong following, sufficient to show that he will be the choice of his party for the next vacancy in that body from Nebraska, a position he would fill with grace and dignity, and for which he is peculiarly qualified.

In 1877 Mr. Thurston entered the employ of the Union Pacific Railroad Company as assistant attorney, but he is now the general attorney of that company.



NEBRASKA.—HON. JOHN M. THURSTON, GENERAL ATTORNEY UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.

THE CAPITAL OF JAPAN.

A CHICAGO *Times* correspondent furnishes an interesting description of Tokio, the capital of the Japanese Empire. He says: "Tokio is a big city. It covers more ground than New York, and it is nine miles long and eight miles wide. Over it are scattered watch-towers for the discovery of fires, and a view from one of these shows an immense plain of one and two story low tiled houses, cut up by unpaved streets and intersected with a network of wide canals. In the centre of the city may be noted especially fine buildings. Some of them are of

modern architecture, and others are rambling Japanese palaces. They are surrounded by high embankments, on which the trees grow, and these are faced with massive walls of stone. Around the whole runs a wide moat, and this is known as the Castle. It was the seat of the Federal Government, and in it is now located the new palace of the Mikado. The immense plain, stretching away upon every side, is filled with houses, and

there are a quarter of a million homes lying below you. Tokio has a million inhabitants. It is the youngest great city of the Eastern World, and it will probably grow under the new régime.

"The stores and the private houses are mixed together, and the rich and poor to a large extent live side by side. There are certain portions of the capital populated by the working classes only; but Tokio has no slums, and good order is everywhere. The storekeepers, as a rule, live in their own houses, and their boxlike shops contain the goods they sell piled up around them. The small merchant, as he sits on his heels or crosses his legs *à la Turk*, can reach every article he has to sell, and his floor is his counter. His customers sit on it as they buy, and they are not allowed to enter the house without dropping their shoes outside. The ceilings are low, and the houses are in long lines or blocks. More of the poorer class, which are formed of wood, burn like paper during a fire. Their partitions are thin, and paper has in most instances taken the place of glass. Thousands of the houses look like gigantic safes and vaults. They have barred windows, and those at the second story are closed with doors made exactly like those of the American bank-vault. These are warehouses or fireproof structures. They are known as go-downs, and every large Tokio merchant has one of them.

"The streets of Tokio are not narrow like those of China, or of the older parts of European cities. One is not jostled as he moves along them, and the crowd of slant-eyed men and women, clad in dressing-gowns of all colors of the rainbow, is a good-natured one, and they laugh and bow low to

each other as they meet. The Japanese back is elastic. The india-rubber man at the circus would soon wear himself out in Japan, and the Japanese bowers seem never to get through. They salaam and salaam, and the lower classes knock their heads against the earth as they go down on their knees in paying their respects to their superiors. It bothers one to be the recipient of so much attention, and the American feels his awkwardness when he attempts the Japanese bow. It is, however, not unpleasant, and with it all there is little servility and fawning. I am struck with the open, kindly expression of the Japanese face. They seem to treat travelers as brothers. They welcome them, and are willing to concede that there are other good things outside of Japan. They are manly about it, and the only unpleasant thing is the curiosity which one excites among them.

"Clatter! clatter! clatter! What a noise the people make as they go along the road! They all wear wooden sandals, and the stockings are a kind of "mitten" with a finger for the big toe. During wet weather their sandals become stilts, and the whole Japanese nation increases its stature by three inches whenever it rains. These sandals are held to the foot by straps coming over the toes, and there is a straw sole between the foot and the sandal of wood."

WAS BUNYAN A PLAGIAIRIST?

ADMIRERS of Bunyan and the "Pilgrim's Progress" will be concerned to learn that charges of plagiarism against the Bedford tinker are floating about. These can scarcely be called new, as they were made by Bunyan's contemporaries, but they have been generally ignored by his biographers. It is now alleged that the "Progress" is a literal translation from the French of a work entitled "Ye Pilgrimage of ye Sowle," by Guillaume de Guilleville, a monk of the fifteenth century. Nor need Bunyan have known any foreign tongue to have availed himself of it, since a translation was printed by Caxton in 1483. It is supposed that a copy of the French original exists, either in the British Museum, or in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Some one should hunt it up. Not only this, but Bunyan's "Holy War," is said to have been anticipated by St. Bernard in his "Spiritual Combat," a translation of which is in the British Museum, and bears the incongruous title of "A Hive of Sacred Honie Combes." It was printed at "Doway" (Douai) in 1631; Bunyan was born in 1628. But whatever may be said of the truth of these charges, it will probably be maintained by the admirers of the great English Nonconformist that his fame does not rest entirely either upon the "Progress" or the "Holy War"; and that, leaving these out of the question, his "Grace Abounding," and the other works written by him during his twelve years' imprisonment, stamp him as a man of remarkable genius and a Christian of extraordinary piety. If



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE SACKVILLE-WEST AFFAIR—EXTERIOR OF THE BRITISH LEGATION.
[FROM A PHOTO.—SEE PAGE 203.]

ever a man apparently thought for himself, and emphatically "tried the spirits," it was the pastor of Bedford Church; and if he used the work of other men, it came from him stamped with the "hall mark" of his own sturdy individuality. Still, an investigation into the charges may let a flood of light into his literary workshop.

By an unfortunate typographical error, Messrs. Lilly, Rogers & Co., of Baltimore, were referred to in our "Commercial Supplement," issued with FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER of October 27th, as drygoods merchants. They are druggists, and should have been so mentioned.

STEAM-HEATED PASSENGER TRAINS ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

The stove as a means of heating cars on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad will soon become a thing of the past.

During the past year the officials of the New York Central in charge of its passenger equipment have been actively employed in testing various devices for heating cars by means of steam obtained direct from the locomotive, and have decided on a system combining simplicity of construction and management with the most satisfactory results. A two-inch iron steam-pipe runs under each of the cars, connection between the cars being made with metallic joints and a sleeve. This main pipe connects with a system of pipes inside each car, one running lengthwise of the car with branch pipes extending under the seats. At the centre of each of the interior pipes is a key by which the steam from the main pipes can be cut off, thus reducing the temperature of a car without interfering with that of cars more distant from the locomotive, which is the source of the steam supply.

Since the advent of cold weather all the cars composing the trains known as the New York and Chicago Vestibule Limited, and the New York, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis Fast Express, besides a large number of the local trains running on the various parts of the road, have been successfully heated by this means.

In a short time all the drawing-room, sleeping and dining cars, passenger coaches, and the baggage, mail, express and postal cars in service on the line, will be fully equipped with the steam-heating appliance.

FUN.

OLD LADY (to street gamin)—"You don't chew tobacco, do you, little boy?" *Little Boy*—"No-m; but I can give ye a cigarette."—*New York Sun*.

SALVATION OIL is guaranteed to effect a cure in all rheumatic and neuralgic affections. Chinese eat rice off sharp-pointed sticks, but take DR. ELL'S COUGH SYRUP naturally.

YOUNG DOCTOR—"They don't bleed people nowadays as they did twenty years ago, do they, professor?" *Professor*—"Not with the lancet."—*The Doctor*.

COUGHS.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are used with advantage to alleviate Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and Bronchial Affections. *Sold only in boxes.*—[*Adve.*]

Burnett's Cocaine allays irritation, removes dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree.

C. C. SHAYNE, Manufacturer of Sealskin Garments, newest styles, and all leading fashionable furs, 103 Prince Street, New York. Fashion Book mailed free. Send your address.

CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to PROF. J. A. LAWRENCE, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS indorsed by physicians and chemists for purity and wholesomeness.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Nervous, Tired Women Now Cured by Food.

Nervous exhaustion is now known to come from malnutrition of the nerves. A noted scientist has discovered that if the albumen which feeds the nerves is not fully digested to the consistence of water, it cannot be absorbed by them; hence their starvation and exhaustion. They are therefore nourished only in proportion to the ability of the stomach to prepare their food, which is the most difficult to digest of all the foods. Not one stomach in five can prepare a sufficient quantity for the overworked. Hitherto artificial digestion has only been able to but partially do its work for the coarser circulatory vessels. Three years ago this deficiency was overcome in the manufacture of the Moxie Nerve Food, which has shown before the U. S. Courts many old cases of helpless paralysis and nervous wrecks recovered by it. It helps the nervous, tired and overworked in a few hours, leaving no reaction. 30c. a qt. bottle. 66 University Pl., N. Y.

What Scott's Emulsion Has Done!

Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks.
Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE
SUPPRESSION OF VICE.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex, all ages. Costly outfit free. Terms FREE. Address: TIT & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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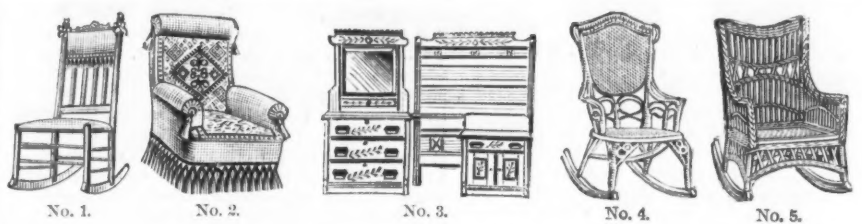
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FREE LAND VOUCHER

in a sealed envelope. Upon its receipt you will open the envelope, sign your full name on the proper blanks, and return it to our Eastern Office. The Free Land Voucher you will thus receive will call for valuable California property in one of the following classes, A, B, or C:

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- Class B** { Half Blocks containing 12 City Lots, Ten-acre California Fruit Tracts.
- Class C** { Quarter Blocks containing 6 City Lots, Five-acre California Fruit Tracts.

NO TRICK, No juggling of words, no misunderstanding of what this offer means. The least property you will secure is a 5-acre Fruit Tract or a Quarter Block of 6 City Lots, up to 10 and 20 acres, or a Solid Block of 24 City Lots, worth \$25 per Lot. This advertisement means this, and it does not mean anything else. The Free Land Voucher you will receive will secure nothing less than five acres if it calls for acreage property, and nothing less than six adjoining lots if it calls for lot property. Remember this, And further:

You can select in whatever Class you desire property, whether A, B, or C, and your Free Land Voucher will be issued in the Class you select, thus giving you the choice of amount of property. The only thing you can not regulate in advance is the kind of property you will secure as between City Lots and Acreage Tracts; but you can choose

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There will be **NO CHARGE** for executing deed, for "consideration fee," for recording deed, for survey or platting—the property will be given absolutely free.

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MAPS, PLATS, ETC.—Handsomely illustrated descriptive matter has been prepared, also a plat of the property in colors, which will be mailed to each applicant, with his or her Voucher. In order to defray at least a portion of the very large cost of advertising, postage, etc., a charge of 25c. will be made for such Plats and mailing expenses, which each applicant is required to remit when application is made.

ALL ABSOLUTELY FREE

THE LIMIT.—No more than one free property in whichever Class is desired will be given to a single applicant; but two or more members of a family or friends may apply together, and property will be given to each applicant. No more than five free properties will be given to any one family or Club, and the remittance fee for Plats, etc., for five applicants will be \$1. A Free Land Voucher will be sent with the Plats to each applicant.

WHERE TO APPLY.—To facilitate business with Eastern people, a general Eastern office has been established at Cincinnati, Ohio, where all applications for Free Property should be addressed. State which Class you desire, and address:

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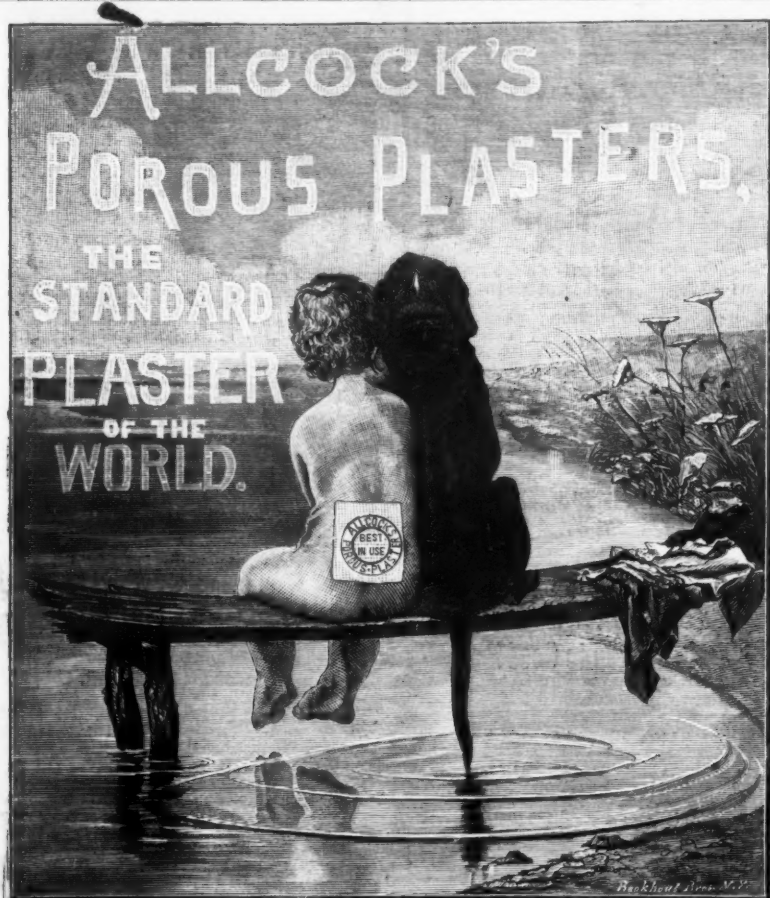
LOCATION.—The Fruit Tracts are on the line of the California & Oregon Railroad, within five to ten miles of the City, and the City Lots are within ten minutes' ride of the center of the City of Red Bluff, the county-seat of Tehama County. Red Bluff is a city of 7,000 population, with water-works, gas, and large manufacturing industries, and is one of the most healthful, climatically delightful, and prosperous cities of the Great Sacramento Valley.

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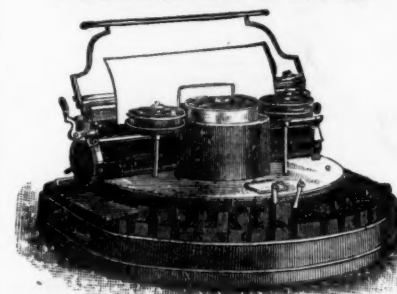
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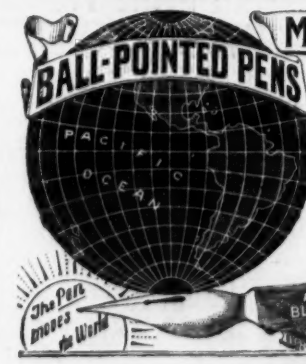
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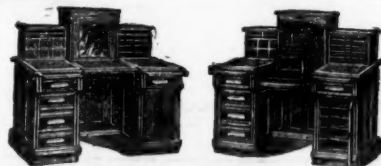
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